

January 30, 1979

\$1.25

# ESQUIRE

F O R T N I G H T L Y

## F. Scott Fitzgerald's Last Unpublished Short Story *An American Romance*

The  
Riddle of  
Anwar Sadat,  
By Gail  
Sheehy

---

The  
Courtship of  
Bill Paley

---

Sorel's  
Movie Posters  
For 1979

---

Phil Donahue:  
The  
Man Who  
Understands  
Women,  
By William  
Brashler



What Makes  
A \$350  
Bowl of Soup  
And Where  
To Get It

---

Is the New  
Social  
Security Tax  
A Massive  
Rip-Off?

---

Haut Sport:  
English  
Shooting for  
American  
Squires,  
By Alistair  
Horne



**THE SEAGRAM'S GIN  
CRYSTAL MARTINI.**



Fill your glass with ice cubes made from natural spring water. Add Seagram's Extra Dry Gin, the real secret behind a perfect martini. And remember, enjoy our quality in moderation.

Seagram's Extra Dry. The Perfect Martini Gin. Perfect all ways.

**TAKE IT FROM  
A FORD,  
DRIVE SUBARU.**

Susan Ford knows all about the low price of Subaru.

Like other Subaru owners, she knows the advantages of front wheel drive. And about the great gas mileage that's standard equipment on each of our cars.



For example, the Subaru shown delivers an estimated 23 city mpg and 43 estimated highway mpg. It can even use lower cost regular gas. (In Calif., it's 23 estimated city and 39 estimated hwy. mpgs using unleaded)\*

But what she's finding out every day is that Subaru builds a car that's tough. So no matter if this famous photographer is running to the office or barnstorming around the country, she can depend on her Subaru.

That's why this Ford names Subaru her running mate.  
For your nearest Subaru dealer call 800-243-6000† toll free.

**SUBARU** INEXPENSIVE, AND BUILT TO STAY THAT WAY.





# Pictures and Presidents

Techniques of photography have brought to our eyes the art of the "instant snapshot," where a work of art can be created merely with the flick of a finger. But Don Weeks, whose photographs accompany F. Scott Fitzgerald's last unpublished story, "On Your Own" [see page 50] believes that this new machinery has also brought a lessening of authentic quality. He professes the days when a photograph was a carefully crafted, as in oil painting and has devoted himself to researching and recovering many of the forgotten techniques.



Don Weeks

Weeks, twenty six, grew up in Wichita, Kansas. He studied anthropology at college while working as a serial photographer and then set out to spend two years, traveling twice around the world, visiting forty countries. His journey ended in Ecuador, where, as a Peace Corps vol-

unteer, he made educational films as well as documentaries in films of crime strips that use photos instead of drawings for which the distribution figure reached a half million. One of the films he directed, *Four Cops in Ecuador*, narrated by Lillian Gish, was selected last year by The Museum of Modern Art, in New York, for its series of new documentaries.

In Ecuador, Weeks discovered three elderly photographers who were living archaically of the old methods. Two were Orsini, of the Lince school in the 1920s who had gone to Ecuador in the 1930s. The third was George Trueman, a former cattle rancher from Fitzpatrick, Alabama, who had become a portrait photographer in the high Andes. From them, Weeks learned processes that have rarely been used in the past fifty years.

When he came to New York a few months ago, Esquire's art director was impressed by his mastery of the photographic processes, contemporary in Fitzgerald's time as well as by his remarkable eye. ("Most pictures today really have something—there's nothing to look at," he says)

They felt that Weeks's talent would be a fine complement to Fitzgerald's prose in "On Your Own."

Weeks's approach to this, his first magazine assignment, avoided the pretensions and skill of an old-world craftsman. He spent days searching for the perfect locations, shot many rolls of black-and-white film, and prepared prints that were to his satisfaction. But here, where most photographers' work ends, Weeks was only beginning. Using extremely rare paper from a secret source, he made negatives from the prints and then subjected them to a slow and meticulous developing that included staining, drawing, tracing, airbrushing, and "blanching" techniques, which he describes as "the adding of color using no chemical method." The result is a kind of photomontage that hasn't been seen in photography in the decades since Ansel Adams and Edward Weston, among others, first rejected the "controlled" style of Saiguit and his followers. Weeks stands as again that in art all ages are contemporaneous and the oldest may well be the newest.

—Nan Helen

When I told a lot of effort to the American one-hour on Cairo that my interview with President Sadat [see page 21] had been postponed before the weekend, he responded for me: "That means anywhere from twenty-four to two weeks." But the president's chief of cabinet, His Excellency Hassan Khamel, couldn't have been more gracious and sincere. Sadat's he received as one of the grand French drawing rooms of France's old Arabic Palace carrying a kiosk and a peace!



Gail Sheehy

"This is a great advantage," my knowledgeable companion had whispered. Egypt being a society based on oral, people rely on eye-to-eye communication, power and power are extensions of memory, then, how important it was when the president's chief actually received a copy of my letter from his folder, noted that my interview with Sadat had been approved, asked my schedule, and assured me it would come before the weekend.

In Egypt, as anywhere, you can't beat

the system. But here it is the informal system of personal introductions and pay-offs that holds over, and it takes a little getting used to for the Westerner. Never mind that your travel agent booked the near a year ago. Well, there is no such thing as a free lunch. The last time a list was made in Egypt was when Napoleon came through and took an inventory of all the buildings.

There is no phone book in English. The telephone doesn't work. The mail is a wild card and half gets delivered, half disappears. And so, simply to tell a friend one can't make lunch, one finds a moving conversation of some sort and plays into the crowded streets of Cairo, where half the traffic is on some simple system that would normally be done by phone.

It was my good fortune to have to a guide and advisor person. Judith Kipper, an American consultant and journalist reporting in the Middle East who has the best advice book in Cairo and doggedly led me to all the ministers, professors, economists, and political leaders who do not exist in any government directory, one just knows and goes.

It would not have been a personal message to the president. I had been in-

vested. Official letters, cables, documents, personal letters—this was the whole part of paper that would into a multi-million-dollar around any national leader, is viewed with suspicion by Sadat, if he varies it at all. These few written communications Sadat has accepted in his life, he has read to him. Ah, but she has a sheet of personal newspaper bearing a hand-penned letter and answer Sadat will read. So it was that I took an unmarked copy of my book to Sadat's five levels, secure house long Queen Al-Shamsi Omani to ask if he might pass it on to the president. Omani automatically reacted upon returning to me a signed copy of the president's book. In Egypt, one gets deserving attention.

"At least let me give my own copy of the President's book for him to sign," I pleaded.

"No, no—I got the copy," Omani insisted.

When I tried to explain the principle behind making one's own copy (Western self-sufficiency and all that) Omani looked at me in utter incomprehension.

"I take my copy of the book to the president for you," he pronounced. Adding with a thoroughly Egyptian overblown "You pay me for it."

—Gail Sheehy

The new  
*Eldorado Biarritz*  
BY CADILLAC



## One-of-a-kind in styling. World-class in engineering.

The magnificent new Eldorado Biarritz... more distinctive than ever before. From the exciting new brushed stainless steel front roof—to the new tufted pillow-style seating areas tailored in leather. This is also one of the world's best engineered cars.

With Eldorado's "big five" front-wheel drive, four-wheel independent suspension, electronic fuel injection, four-wheel disc brakes and electronic level control. See your Cadillac dealer for Biarritz—the luxury car as distinctive as you are.





# How to ski all the way to the bank.

The Concord Hotel has beautiful downhill ski slopes. Of course, so do other ski resorts. We have our own snow-making facilities and great one-country ski trails. But so do other resorts. So why ski at the Concord?

Because instead of two or three hundred miles away we're only 15 miles. And at the 150 or so 6 mile 4 costs to drive these days, you could save enough just getting here to pay a big part of the cost of staying here.

Of course, you'll also get here earlier, too. Which is a good idea, since there's so much more to do here: skiing, tobogganing, swimming, dancing, nightclubbing, and many other activities. Really, don't come only for the skiing. We also offer inexpensive, learn-to-ski packages, where we supply both equipment, lessons, & lifts.

The Concord's ski mountain here may not be as steep as some other resorts. But then neither is the bill.

For details or reservations, write or call The Concord Hotel, Rooming Lodge, N.Y. 10764 (212) 368-3000 or (914) 794-4000.

**THE  
CONCORD  
HOTEL**



# THE FOUR SEASONS IS FULL OF BOLOGNA

**SORRY!  
COMPLETELY  
RESERVED**

But only for two weeks, starting January 15th, Mondays through Fridays, through the courtesy of the **Coordinating Committee for the Art Cities of Emilia-Romagna and Abruzzo**, organized by **Marcella and Victor Hazan**.

That's when The Four Seasons introduces the cuisine of the Emilia-Romagna region and celebrates The Glories of Bolognese Cooking. Master Chef Sgr. Claudio Macaloni will share with us some of the incredible delights of the famous Cantinazze Restaurant in Bologna, Italy.



Joining him in our kitchen will be two expert Bolognese Pasta Preparation Ladies and a breathtaking assortment of fresh ingredients and joyous wines from his region.

The unique menu we will prepare each night for just 60 fortunate gastronomes starting at 7:00 PM is one never before seen in New York. It features four different pasta courses, and builds from there!

The price is \$75 per person. We urge you to make your reservations early.

*Tom Macaloni* *Paul Kari*  
Tom Macaloni Paul Kari



**THE FOUR SEASONS**  
90 East 52nd Street, P.O. 4 9404



## PERFORMANCE TV -in the Size you want!



AVAILABLE IN 1000  
IMPACT PLASTIC

These are just a sampling of GE's 1979 model selection.

Different styles—from 10" diagonal personal portables with newly-advanced Ports Color® features, 13", 17", 19", an all-but-endless selection of 25" diagonal consoles and the new, big-as-life Home TV Theatre—in furniture finishes to fit any room decor—including the very newest GE pioneers, Emmy-Award-winning VR Color System with

Broadcast-Controlled automatic color tuning, a random access remote control system, and the new GE VHS Video Cassette Recorder with 4-hour record-playback facility.

When you choose GE Performance TV, regardless of size or model, you get not only GE's excellence in technology, but their total dedication to quality and reliability.

Phone for dealer nearest you

### GENERAL ELECTRIC

Major Appliances Available Everywhere  
New York Region

NEW YORK: (212) 642-4343 ext. 3000  
Phone: (212) 642-3000

NEW JERSEY: (609) 939-9999 ext. 4000  
Phone: (609) 939-4000

IN FAIRFIELD, CONN. Phone: (203) 261-1441



## The Television Set of Tomorrow is here Today!

Pictate a picture 3 TIMES BIGGER than any 25" diagonal set, in a trim, 1-piece cabinet. No separate projector. No sliding drawers or panels. 100% solid state. And it rolls on wheels. VR Broadcast-Controlled Color, Random-Access Remote Control, and much more. It's GE's remarkable new Wide Screen 1000 Home TV Theatre (over 1000 sq. in. of viewing area).

MODEL 1000H

Divided into three broad screen widths and depths  
1000H

Media

by Richard Reeves

# China Beams Aboard

Teng's new TV plan has "Made in the U.S.A." stamped all over it

A year ago, Chairman Huo Aikuo-lag reported to China's National People's Congress that his regime was dedicated to exporting television to that nation to fill "vacuum" use can be made of this medium for both education and propaganda.

But whose propaganda? The probable answer: America's propaganda. The theory was laid out a couple of years ago by Jeremy Bentham, of the City University of London, in a book called *"The Media for America"*. "The more media such country has," Bentham wrote, "the more such country must either import or enable competitive American practices. Whatever the current and future communications revolution gives place they will produce the increased internationalization of conversation, leisure patterns, youth culture, education, language and consciousness generally. In this view the Americanization of everyone still has a long way to go. Such irrepressible signs as hair dogs, American-style dress magazines, blue jeans and T-shirt saying 'Blue State University' will be found not only in small government French towns but around the world."

The "more media" will now include what we used to call Red China, according to the power behind Chairman Huo—China's new premier, Teng Hsiao-ping. In terms of changing the world, television is probably a great deal more important than Teng, Carter, and diplomacy—and, as Tassell and others here pointed out, the development and content of almost all television should be stamped "Made in the U.S.A."

For better or for none, the rate is America's greatest success. The concept of television as a box in the home taking

Richard Reeves is the national editor of *Examiner* magazine.



signals from the air was an American innovation. The Chinese Communists originally favored communal viewing of tape sets connected by a controlled cable system. But Americans at Christie, people working TV alone or with their families in their own homes for the more relaxed political and social implications than a kind of government indoctrination in the village.

The debate in the United Nations and other world forums over "media imperialism" (or "cultural imperialism")—which to Marxist means Western domination of world information flow and in America is a positive reading of "freedom of the press"—was a unique reflection of the firm of both friends and enemies of America to its language, government, or culture was across the world, from Buenos Aires and Moscow. It seems to be simply impossible to compute with the

quantity and popular reception quality of the words and images presented in America. The UN, Irish journals, and European studies indicate that the 25 largest television-watching countries report more than 30 percent of their programming, mostly from the United States, that 35 percent of the feature films shown in the world's 54 largest countries are U.S. American made, that United Press International Television News and its British counterpart, Vn, news, reach 95 percent of the world's television viewers, that Associated Press reports are used regularly in 4,000 major newspapers outside the United States, that in 10 of the world's most important nations, at least 3 of the 5 largest advertising agencies have Madison Avenue names and that in 20 main countries, the largest single ad agency is American.

Perhaps, instead of news media are a great leap forward, a century leap from wall posters. Obviously the governors of China will try to continue to control the information that reaches their people. Right now there are believed to be about 1 million television sets for the 900 million mainland Chinese. When they have been away for four hours on weekdays and eight on Sundays and Saturdays—a week of constant news, Marxist dialectics, English-language classes, and dubbed production films—things like Alibi and Cosmo movies. Geoffrey Cowan, a UCLA communications professor who was a Chinese last year with Associate Television producers, writers, and actors, compared present Peking viewing with American patterns in the late 1960s—mostly groups of staring people gathered around new sets. But reportedly there is optimism within the country for more rapid programming and the government recently purchased some British advertising units, including *The Swerve*, England's





the steps to expand into the jeans business. Just before the wog Gauci is making it in his company's first full fiscal year, ending October 31, 1977, revenues were an impressive \$12 million. But the profits that year were a not-so-impressive \$300,000 before taxes. How come so low? "I've got to hide something," Gauci says. "You can't show everything in the 1988." Fiscal '78 sales took another leap to \$30 million and so did the profits—close to \$6 million before taxes. Gauci's fiscal '79 forecast, another big year in sales in between \$42 and \$45 million, with profits going as high as about \$8 million.

If you think those figures are impressive, hear this: Gauci, who also has a jeans business in France, made \$1.6 million in 1976 with just \$10,000. And very recently, he had a letter from an Atlanta attorney about a potential acquisition of Savion Jeans for upwards of \$10 million. But Gauci isn't interested in selling. "I believe in what I'm doing, and I want to do it, even bigger," he says.

He's doing just that. The Savion name will soon be featured on a host of additional products (in business), such as men's and women's suits, negligees, jewelry, dresses, and handbags.

Obviously, the unauthorized Savion jeans link is not the sole reason for Gauci's meteoric growth. Apparel-industry watchers point to the exploding jeans business itself (with Americans spending as much there one billion pairs of domestic and imported jeans in the last two years). There's also the fashion onslaught—in jeans going thinner and tighter. And a precisely timed—a trend-setting fashion look plus a price tag that's the big appeal of the jeans—Gauci gets it. He creates much of his success to a steady array of jeans offerings in a rainbow of colors and different fabrics (jeans: leather, corduroy and velvet). "We took a precise time and gave it fashion excitement," he says. "That's what it is. Let's give jeans, which makes most women look like a bag."

Gauci counts the French cut in jeans—a skintight, straight leg—like he counts their designer, to enhance a woman's curves. "It's a little bit like her like a corset, and takes out the flab. For the first time, a Savion pair is very uncomfortable," says Gauci. "But then the fabric gives a bit and there's breathing room. It's not for two-handed people."

Although heavily used at women, Savion's jeans are a popular item and therefore are sold to men's and children's departments as well. You may, by the way, find a pair here that Savion labels on the back pocket. They retail from \$25 to \$270 for adults, \$110 to \$24 for children.

Though funds sound great for Savion, there's no obvious worry—the burgeoning number of U.S. fashion competitors (like Calvin Klein and Gloria Vanderbilt)—comped with soaring jeans sales. Gauci thinks that while the company's fashion offering will continue to give it an edge over

the rest of the fashion jeans producers. Adds Gauci (in one-on-one interview in Lyon, France): "The real success has a good promoter with a good sense of business and good taste. The jeans look has been around for over a hundred years. The fashion look is new for only two years, and I can't see why it won't last for another hundred years."

The success of Savion—"a name 'happened' in history—is already leading the American Gauci (in French) who plans to

work U.S. ownership shortly to talk about the possibility of going public: "I don't want to worry about lacking for money."

Gauci, of course, has nurtured a great success story. The question is, What happens if the fashion? Judging from his interest in names, you might want to check in with him if your birth certificate identifies you as Tiffany, Fred, Gauci, or Rockefeller. He may just want to borrow your good name—or take a little—of the jeans line should take a breather.

## Late Ticker . . .

—Leonard Stern, one of the richest men in America (estimated net worth about \$700 million) and the company he heads, *Harris Publishing Industries*, reportedly under an engagement by the Securities and Exchange Commission. Among the allegations being pressed: providing cash payments to stockholders in return for Harris products. Insulating funds through a bank in the Cayman Islands.



Stern: In the spotlight?



Porcelain: In the money



McNair: New looks

and manipulative actions involving the company shares. Some of the allegations I've told have been made by a relative by marriage of Leonard Stern's. *Stern's* *Business* who has the best in touch on several occasions work both the Internal Revenue Service and the Federal Bureau of Investigation. —The *Casual Administrator* contrary to public statements, now willing to break a 78 recession provided the unemployment rate is held to 6 percent, according to Washington reports. The most recent unemployment figure 9.8 percent, or just over 5.9 million Americans out of work. An 8 percent unemployment figure, based on the current labor force, would raise the number of jobs to over 8.1 million. —*Mass* as W. R. Gauci's New construction. A Gauci company was first enough to send me the chemical leg's corporate directory, and a list in Mannheim, Germany, none other than Dr. Otto Ambros, the famous physicist of Auschwitz. At the Nuremberg trials, Ambros was sentenced to eight years in jail for slavery and slave murder. —*Farrish*

Farrish's deal with *Wolfgang*—the promotion of a hair-care line using her name—expected to set the record above \$2.5 million in just the first year and a half. The product line—which has the retail partners last July—is projected to do a \$350-million volume in the first eight

months. Farrish's take about 5 percent of the wholesale volume. —*And* investors reportedly moving heavily into defense stocks, removed now to over more than 38 percent of *United Technologies* and over 20 percent of *Boeing*. —*Marceline* sent from *Assume* *Week*. Its annual revenue in many stores market prices are built-in to be 7% with nearly 60 percent producing over 900 in

the Dow Jones Industries (DJI) by year-end, and over one third of that is forming an EDI about 1,000. Several great but not, this if the magazine had daily reported the results of its 75 survey (taken in late 77). In that poll, over 15 percent thought the EDI would reach 75 over 900. One third thought it would go 1,000. It was an astonishing job of forecasting, as the EDI closed slightly above 900. And my reviewer who would have taken the 75 *Assume* *Week* survey seriously would most likely have been satisfied.

—*Yonkers* *Clapper* *DeMiguel* riding in new coaches as a TV salesman (that he ever did in baseball, this pay for promoting the *Mr. Coffee* machine \$3 million for three years). —*Sense* unhappy CBS directors talking openly for the very first time of getting seventy-seven-year-old CBS chairman *Bill Paley* to remove himself from day-to-day programming activities. One hundred member told an executive manager: "Our ratings are low. We need someone young, but how do you add a man like him?"

—*Strut* rumors swirling of a take-over of *Tampon* by *Booth* *Booth* *Ltd.*, the London pharmaceutical giant. —*Fat* chief *Bill Miller* tells me he likes the stock market, saying: "If I were a private investor, I'd put money to work right now. It's an attractive buying target." —

A special expression of your love  
by Boehm...

Porcelain Roses  
in a rainbow of colors

"What's in a name?  
That which we call a rose  
by any other name  
would smell as sweet."

Romeo and Juliet by William Shakespeare  
Act II, Scene II, Line 63

Beautifully hand-painted  
in blue, lavender, red,  
pink, turquoise, white  
and yellow with graceful  
wood-like base  
8 1/2" x 1 3/4" w \$65.00

Boehm

International creators of porcelain and  
Represented in museums and galleries  
throughout the world

Write for color brochure and the name  
of the Boehm Gallery nearest you: Edward Marshall Boehm, Inc.,  
Dept. ESQ., P.O. Box 3021, Tuxedo, New Jersey 08634

## THE NEWEST, NEW CORONA. THE CAR WITH THE GRAND OPENING.

There's a new way to enjoy your daily drive. And that's the new Toyota Corona. The new Corona is a 5-door sedan with a 2.0-liter engine, 160-hp, 5-speed manual transmission, and a 4-speed automatic. It's a car that's designed to give you the best of both worlds. The new Corona is a car that's designed to give you the best of both worlds. The new Corona is a car that's designed to give you the best of both worlds.



**The news gets better.** The European-inspired styling you can see, but wait until you experience the comfort, convenience and Toyota quality. Fully adjustable bucket seats, tinted glass and more. And the new Corona is a car that's designed to give you the best of both worlds. The new Corona is a car that's designed to give you the best of both worlds.

**The best news isn't news.** The new Corona is a Toyota. Built in a tradition of toughness, dependability and innovative construction, it's a car that's designed to give you the best of both worlds. The new Corona is a car that's designed to give you the best of both worlds.

# YOU GOT IT.



THE NEW 5-DOOR CORONA **TOYOTA**

## The Law

by Steven Brill

# This Year's Bonus Babies

The merger craze shoots Wachtell, Lipton bonuses through the roof

It's a post-New Year's report on what the top of the bill is like for young lawyers.

There may well be three or four law offices in the country whose partners make more than those at Wachtell, Lipton, Rosen & Kane, but no law firm is more generous with its young associates, and their unexpected potential bonuses are a good barometer of how much money is at stake in today's take-over craze. The booming midtown New York firm's specialty is corporate takeovers and mergers.

The cash gift for a second-year associate was \$12,000; third-year, \$17,000; fourth-year, \$23,500; and fifth-year, \$28,500. (Another difference in Wachtell is that its associates become partners after the fifth year, rather than waiting the more typical seven to nine years.) These second-year kids, whose typical age is twenty-six or twenty-seven, already drew salaries of \$75,000 over the past twelve months, and the fifth-year people got \$40,000. So the year-end bonuses put even the youngest Wachtell people at over \$40,000 each in total income and gave their twenty-one- and twenty-year-old co-workers \$66,000 each.

In terms for their bonuses, the twenty-seven Wachtell, Lipton associates spent day and night at the firm in 1975 winning battles such as the following: United



Technologies take-over of Cerner Corporation, the half-billion-dollar Philip Morris take-over of Seven-Up, the \$400-million acquisition of Pet Inc. by IC Industries, and the defense of the Polar Brewing Company from a \$120-million take-over by APL Corp.

As for young associates working for the firm's rival-price partners, prepared and less dependent, winners and the like to prevail or just across these hostile acquisitions, it was not unusual for \$300,000 or more to be doled out to the victor as a week or so on day. Indeed, reader offers have

become the most lucrative lawyering around. Executives and board members of major companies about to be taken over think nothing of shelling out six-figure legal bills to top individuals. If they win, it's their business; even if they have been saved, if they lose, the ruling company will have to pick up the tab anyway. On the other side, a conglomerate trying a take-over doesn't much care what a law firm top person like Martin Lipton and Herbert Wachtell and their battery of younger lawyers at the Park Avenue law firm to grab a new \$500- or \$600-million subsidiary.

That's why major old-line Wall Street firms that used to share take-over fees so ungenerously (Cravath, Swaine & Moore or Davis, Polk & Wardwell, for example) have been moving in an under-offer business in the past few years. So far that success has been mixed. Davis, Polk, for example, lost the United Technologies battle to Wachtell, Lipton, though their defense of Cerner was admittedly a long-odd, uphill fight to begin with. Among those cashing checks, the United Technologies change for Wachtell, Lipton was thirty-year-old Eric Steinberg. Steinberg didn't get one of these high associate bonuses. That's because still already a partner at the firm and shared with up into six figures in 1975.

## Paper Chase II: Has Author Osborn Tattled on His Old Law Firm?

John Jay Osborn Jr., author of *The Paper Chase* is back that was spun off into a movie and TV show about the agonies of law students, has just had a run-in with some lawyers. Not exactly Osborn's usual about young lawyers in a big law firm—*The Attorney*—is being published by Random House. But the needs, Houghton Mifflin is sending reviewers gallops of the book with the warning that "in advance of lawsuit, minor changes have been made to the text" so that the galley "was not for quotation." The problem, according to a source at the publisher, is that H.M.'s lawyers, Christie, Hill & Brewer, in Boston, were afraid that the law firm Osborn once worked at, Patterson, Binkap

Webb & Tyler in New York, would sue because certain mail, copy, or incomplete partners in the fictional firm might be seen as resembling real persons at Patterson, Binkap Webb & Tyler.

Believing Although Osborn says he kept a diary of goings-on at his old firm, he swears the book is fiction. And my source at H.M. says that the notice was attached to the galley because "some old lawyer at Chase. Had told us to take out a few of the names of people being cited as crazy." No change at all of my inquiries were made. For example, instead of saying four times that [Osborn's senior partner] Cerner Ross is crazy, maybe now we say it twice.

Whatever the merits of the charges, knowledgeable publishing lawyers agree that saying that he was based on "advice of counsel" needlessly red flags the poten-

tial legal problems—problems that experts in the field say are really not for a book such as this.

The book itself is a fine, fast, often insightful read. Speed with some sex, romance, and crisp action, a long way to making lawyers seem like people and possibly has even more movie or TV potential than *The Paper Chase*. It's also much better than a writer-lawyer novel coming out by Richard Kluwe, called *Shades of White*. Kluwe wrote the highly respected nonfiction history of the salubrious degeneration, *Simple Justice*. But his plagues are fiction, at the person of a young woman lawyer trying to make it at a big firm is a disaster. The interest of his heroine is so straggled and consciousness that of women and men who respect women, should be elevated. —

Contributing editor Steven Brill writes a regular column on law and lawyers.

# Panting for Paley

Jet set vamps are locked in mortal combat for CBS's chairman

A murder calls it the greatest mistake since Son of Sam. Another says it's a vicious tragedy. Park Avenue Boston says "Murder!" in an understated understating.

Whichever, and in the event anyone cares, there is no question that the jet set is locked into the greatest struggle of succession since the War of the Roses. The prize? Principal vice of American broadcast media, worthy opponent to France Charles's head in the world's most sought after in marriage: good news for senior executives everywhere, a man so old he is not called middle-aged—even in Paris Beach.

William S. Paley, age seventy-seven.

Bill Paley is, of course, the self-made millionaire chairman of the Columbia Broadcasting System, its major stockholder, a renowned gourmet and art collector (his collection that other jet set gurus, Sherry Fiedl III, this reason for all the talker is that Paley was recently advised from the beautiful Bette Midler Paley. Bette was legend in the fashion world. Her slightest nodding when we instantly said, Edward VIII like, by the chairman of European and American aviation.

However natural it is to wish to tread in Bette's elegant and expensive footsteps, it is not easy. But since grand is the second-most-powerful human emotion after fear, there is a series of glaucousy-and-buffing eager to try. Ironically, though typically, the panting females are all very sick. But the difference between, say, 20 million and 500 million is that the game is all about. And they have had an intense Odyssean-like



money are understandably anxious to help protect their reputations. Presumably, by the way, he is constantly attended by his daughter and stepdaughter, Hilary Rosen and Amanda Burden, known in the Princeton district (Amanda Burden, Paley's daughter from a previous marriage is the ex-wife of politician Carter Burden. He recently spent \$1 million headlessly trying to get elected to various offices in New York.)

Hilary Rosen, less famous than Amanda but just as eager not to see her father's position publicly shared, has already married twice to get lost. The senior continued the most terrible first pos. She loudly associated during a dinner party that "one can never be too thin or too rich." That was Hilary's legendary remark, and using it without crediting it to her wife, commentators with glibness. "To be or not to be."

Readers say that despite the draconian measures he may take to protect Paley's money from falling into the wrong (placid!) hands, the chairman himself is eager to marry. He is said to be in the same case of a wife, in theory, and needs female company. More than that, The chairman of CBS needs a house. An impressive one. But his, too, however, is difficult to follow. He has an Achilles' heel that encourages the ladies to continue trying despite the formidable obstacles his stomach Paley loves to eat. The women who survive his hunger has an undeniable taste edge.

Who may that lady be? After exhaustive research on two continents here are the favorites. Blumstein, however, demands that they be listed in order of speed off the track. Janis Cook, divorced from Freddie Cookling, was thought for a while to have

Paley is no push-over. But his protectors are taking draconian measures to ensure his money doesn't fall into the wrong (plebeian!) hands. And the chairman himself is eager to remarry.

an advantage because of her early start. But no longer.

The most aggressive pursuer is a lady, none of a young lady, and a recent vice-president of IBM. A successful business, she looks like a blond version of Barbra Streisand. Among the Paley crowd she is known as "the blonde."

As a matter of fact, the kind of pursuing behavior is known among the cognoscenti as "the job." Julius Rosenberg and his sister, both actresses, are called "the blonde sisters." (Paley, however, is reportedly not interested in either sister as they have each lost two husbands. He is superstitious.) Françoise de la Roche, French, blond, and married to designer Oscar de la Renta, is "the blonde." Another (journalist) contender for one brief moment a heavy favorite in "the blonde" world Helene Ross, the President's owner of Barbra Streisand, is simply "the blonde." Another French lady went to the most extraordinary lengths of all she had her face and shape body lifted. She is now reported to sleep standing up to the wildest word "it."

There are more candidates, such as a countess of considerable breeding and class who is sometimes known as "Joan." And Marjorie Donaghy, owner of Clio jewelry's Marjorie brand—"the blonde."

But even her just makes one look. As the intriguing, alluring, understanding fish woman she has been snoring and being a goldfish has rudely snored and quietly swam into the pond. High Life, always willing to go and on a high, predicts that Elizabeth Bruce, widow of Ambassador David R. Bruce, will be the next Mrs. William Paley. Her previous husband is strongly similar to Bette's—an aspect the successful paley Paley admires—and unlike the others, she did not act like a shark diving to blood. He is known, now departed, was in much of a class act in Bette. A close friend of Paley is now heard to say, "Bill is lucky. If it were not the Dringhouse's widowhood, he would have turned gay—was to get away from all those women." —

Of the  
5 Great Liqueurs  
in the world  
only one is made in  
America.  
Wild Turkey Liqueur.



Scotland has Drambuie. Ireland has Irish Mist. France has Cognac and B&B.

Now America can boast its own great native liqueur: Wild Turkey Liqueur created in Kentucky by the originators of America's finest native whiskey, Wild Turkey.

Wild Turkey Liqueur is the "apple's sweet cream" of liqueurs. It's made to be savored slowly after dinner. Or as a mellow accompaniment to an evening's conversation. You've tasted the great liqueurs of Europe. Now taste America's great one—Wild Turkey Liqueur.

**Only  
11 mg  
tar**

**"B&H,  
I like  
your  
style."**



11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

## Legends of the Holocaust, Legions of the Unfaithful

## by Geoffrey Wolff

*King of the Jews* to be published February 1 by Coward, MacCann & Gungahlin Inc. \$10.95) is a fiction by Linda Egan, an American born less than two years before the German invasion of Poland. There's a question, an honorable enough one, about the accuracy of her knowledge of Europe at the time of their trials and terminal suffering, has mental health to write about them. Surely, to imagine what it might have been like is sadistic, and decency and profound command that a writer approach this subject on his knees. But Egan's book is not about the lives under perpetual sentence of death and with to believe that what she knew was not so? Why did some seek a accomplicity to the crimes? How did it feel to work day-to-day for the Nazis war machine? What part did he play in the destruction of the Jews?

her proposition that the Jews went, with such clerics as Eichmann, in some ways accomplices in their own destruction. King of the Jews once again turns over this heavy stone to see what lies beneath it, but Epstein's purpose is imaginative innovation rather than moral instruction or

*King of the Jews* is set in an unnamed city, "the Mithrasland of Poland" and one can only guess, from the title, that it is about the Jews.

Geoffrey Wolff is *Disque's* book editor



*Devine: "The world is never done."*

Trumpetman, caged with a hungry bear and his neighbors, fed the bear peaches, so it wouldn't devour everyone. So he ate himself—and the ones he served up. The narrative is characteristically uncertain where lay the greatest evil, the greatest error, the greatest good, right, wrong.

From our seats there are not many Jews sitting. Maybe two hundred at all. Some of them say that the catastrophe of the Polish Sobibor Camp—the day when Transilvanian himself was hit two tanks, stepped off the train in the Soviet Union. Yes, once again it is possible that everything would have happened just as it did, even if there hadn't been a terrible strike, and even if the Elder had never arrived. Ladies and gentlemen: you decide.

From the iron logic of the Final Solution there was no escape by reason. Those whom the narrators abhors as "the Others," "the Mixed Ones," "the High and

**T**he pass from one side of the ghetto to the other it was necessary to cross a bridge. At first, Jews defied the fascist law and transportation controls by jumping from this bridge to "The Conquerors" parent's couple of notes on the important taking of the bridge "It is strictly forbidden to interfere with any Jew who is attempting suicide," and "Jews wishing to commit suicide are requested to make certain they have proper identification cards on their persons."

I don't know whether such a border truly existed or whether an oppressed ruling was thus posted. I know people care deeply about the authenticity of every detail touching the Holocaust and that accurate witness to events in these times is a moral imperative. I think Epstein has, by the power of the word's eye, borne true witness. An epiphany comes to Transcendence in the messy theater of a stomachache, a vision of the tragic final solution.

The High and Mighty, only they would resist. That it came to China [Translating with the terrible power of logic that there could be no exceptions, then even that the killing was not going to stop. The Race of Masters would live on itself. Blood On an Blood On, and out of millions and millions of human beings just one man would be left alive. Who? Who was left?

The question itself, in this black world, is insistent: The sun rises every day in Epitaph's furnace, to the relief of his characters. One of the central moments of *King of the Jews* is the coming Great Dark. "Ladies and gentlemen, thank you of Me like anywhere! Just space! Nobody! Nothing!" If his great subject is the consolation of art in the grip of such a future, Epitaph's great power as an artist is the discovery of a voice—luminous, civil, ravenous, befuddled, intelligent—that continues to tell stories in the face of... whatever.

Like the studious comedian Seltzer (who he may, in fact, be), the narrator tells Hiler tales to the tune of *Haley's Blood*.

Once the narrative is much preoccupied by the dreamer and the meaning of art in the ghetto, the film begins. In the last scene, the ghetto is the Museum of Folklife with a program which dramatizes the sweep of the Elders of Zion and inflames race hatred. A C. Trampolaine performs his scenes by cheap sets of magic and fun-blasting. People use false names and the grocer "Pron" ground zero of the Holocaust, the museum goes in order of a stage production of *Macbeth*. The son, Mike, lost, after whose final curtain corpses will rise clanking like blood from their beds and Revly said "He'd been moved to the surface of the earth." Art can do this. Revly means by degrass, and is a use of Epstein's meagrely photo.

And the worst thing, the horror of horrors, was that the owners of the Suburb had got used to their loss. Sometimes the newspapers would blow off the carpet, there would be the green face or the blue face or even the healthy-looking pink face of a woman you knew. This, it was

### Yablonsky's Junk Male

[illegible]

*Big Willow*, the author of many short stories, has also published two novels.

everyone else, including women, including young boys and girls. No one thought twice about it.

The strange people, watching Marcellin, thought twice before I told them I thought I was trying hard to justify myself. His explanations of quest inspired no conviction. I simply knew that there is an isolated place for each book of imaginary women among the landscape of the heart. I hope there is an altar for a Monk who attends the luncheon-table, a worthy merchant has been driven mad and dies. His grave is open and a rabbit comes to sit on some words, and I accept it. He is a young noble, a beautiful man in a place of the city called for. He celebrates the wrong dead man. The merchants ask for a young man.

"What is there to say?" asked the rabbi.

"Being was a rich man who went crazy."

"No more! Let this eulogy end!"

Epsilon has great comic gifts. (See *P. D. Kershner*, *NY Sec* novel, all *The New*

abolishing a sociology professor at California State University, Northridge, and a group psychotherapist. In his therapy sessions, he uses a thing called a button, which is a "padded therapeutic hat." He allows spouse to beat upon spouse with this thing if they so choose. He also uses an approach called psychodrama. In one psychodrama involving a husband who was inpatient with his wife but not with other women, he had a "strutted masculine" play the role of the husband's powers. Well, you imagine. In California, in a church basement or something, there's a husband and wife arguing about technique and between them is this trained auxiliary playing a

It is only mentioning this to give you Lewis Yablonsky's credentials. Besides training linguists and running theory sessions and reading out questionnaire and collecting 'data' and doing 'in-depth' interviews with comic-strip stars in clubs may be easier words. He coined 'carnal sex' because he decided in the course of his research that the expression 'extra-marital sex' was obsolete.

**C**omey, so? More adult than "playing around," which brings to mind boys playing with Nerf bats. The title—*Way Over Half of America's Married Men Play Around*—is peculiar. Actually statistics indicate that less than 50 percent of married men play around, but Yalowsky believes that some men in all studies on this subject put it, so he's giving his percentage on the basis of the doubter.

Now we know about Leroy, but what about the wife, the poor soul? Well, to use marriage terms, rung out of her veins she's a real person: excellent with the kids. She's probably put on a little weight. She probably doesn't like and bear. She's, you know,

any Euros, his sensibility of argument is held by the doctrine of this narrator: a river, "pools, ponds, sandbars, water, and, slightly confusedly, victims of an awful episode" (18). But Epistemon's is no deterministic tragedy; in spite of his fatalistic, fatalist, fatalism, his fatalism is not fatalism always, toward the appearance—Helenian—and abstraction *King of the Dead* moves, even occasionally the theological, dramatic, political, and metaphysical domains of the River's part in this story. The River's part in this story is the death scenes. In his willingness to explain every possible reason for every possible response to Mann's decision, that novel does not validate the questions asked by the River's part in this story. The River's part in this story is the death scenes. In his willingness to explain every possible reason for every possible response to Mann's decision, that novel does not validate the questions asked by the River's part in this story. The River's part in this story is the death scenes. In his willingness to explain every possible reason for every possible response to Mann's decision, that novel does not validate the questions asked by the River's part in this story.

[illegible][illegible]

## In Memoriam

# Remer

Writer, director,

**F**rom April 1973 until December 1987, Robert Alan Arthur wrote memorable columns for this paper under the title *Blazing Out*. The magnificent, bawdy one-liner showcased one of being candid while being not just black-and-white but straight-talking. One of his

### In Memoriam

## by Merle Miller

## Remembering Bob Aurthur

Writer, director, producer, storyteller, hanger-out

**F**rom April 1972 until December 1973 Robert Alan Aurthur wrote *happ-4-luv*, a memorable column for this magazine under the title *Blowing Out*. They were of magnificent, having one shot on the second run of being careless when opening my eye and that *Mockery* exaggerates the drunken bobble. One of the columns

Reprinted from *Author in 1933*

great salute. The part was that of Irvin Rhyes, who had been in perhaps the most famous photograph of the Second World War, showing the raising of the American flag on Mount Suribachi on Iwo Jima. That picture made him a hero, a national hero, and it killed him—because the photograph was only a reenactment of the original flag raising, although nobody said so. We had trouble finding a title, and

network vice-president suggested that we call it "The Red Americans." Since at the moment the spirit of McCarthyism was still very much alive in the land, Bob suggested that the word "Red" might be misunderstood by some parents. In the end, Bob called it "The Americans," and it was a success almost everywhere except Arizona because of a concern that the whole was

had not delivered on a single promise given to the Pima Indians of that state, a tribe of which I was a member, and, further, that the whites had stolen all the Indians' water. Somewhere, a copy of the script got into the hands of the governor of Arizona, maybe the mayor of Tucson, who demanded a script change portraying up the white settlers, threatening expulsions, persecutions, and other mean instructions.

Being one, he was particularly sensitive to the nature of women, all other artists even those who weren't much good, and indeed, the whole of the race except for absolute sluts, of which we both agreed there were no indubitable number around. His father had been an auctioneer, and that comes in close to describing his son's pull too in anything. Maybe modified and cut, almost all his friends were blacklisted, and as a shy and proud professor he hired a secretary of his own, but he could, usually, identify more people than that, even though it was difficult with actors.

But he was never a Stalinist, not that I lost that as a cardinal virtue, he thought the Soviet system was different than ours, no better, maybe worse. I remember once his second wife, Ghena, insisted that he go to a meeting to protect some action or other of the House Un-American Activities Committee. Bob said in reply that he hated the HUAC but that it would prove nothing if he had to go to a meeting to hear people say

Morde Melie is the author of *Plain Speaking*, an oral history of Harry S. Truman. His next book will be about Lyndon Johnson.



Another moment in East Hampton with daughter Mollie (left) and son Tim (right).

what he and they already knew. And, he added, "Okay, if I lived at the Soviet Union, I'd have to go to a meeting like that, but I don't and I won't."

He spent four years in the Marines, the last in China, a country for which he had great affection. Although he'd been a post-graduate student at the University of Pennsylvania before the war, "afterward like a damn fool," he said, he decided to become a writer—which he did, and one of the best. I recently noted what was, unfortunately, his only novel, *The Disappearance of Al Towhee*, and found it as delightful as ever. I regret that his short stories, many of them for *The New Yorker*, have never been collected, nor have his magazine columns.

Bob was the most persuasive man I ever met—I am writing a book about Lyndon Johnson, who was (unless something of a perversion) a great salesman. Once when we met at the Plaza, he had just persuaded Gene Vidal to do something or other. I mentioned that Gene had never seemed to me particularly persuasive and asked how he had managed Bob said, "We're both on acid, and we both know it."

Of course he was hell-knock as a television writer and, later, director and producer, particularly of those plays he wrote in the fifties—what was known then as "the golden age of television." One year he wrote forty-eight television scripts, and in one three-day period he wrote the pilot for a series that starred George C. Scott, *Start Here, Start Now*. We once worked on a pilot that was to have starred Jackie Cooper; it seems to me we worked on it for a decade or so, and I wrote a book about the experience, *Only You, Dick Zerkow!* Cooper emerged as less than a finished player, Bob was the star, and the book played a

large part in getting then head of CBS (currently James Aubrey) to sign it, which I consider a major accomplishment. Although neither Bob nor I believe in equal pay, neither, except on a personal basis is not only acceptable, it is expected, it is as near as we can get to justice these days.

Bob was also ambitious, another trait we share. Since we had had such success putting "The American" on tape in an Indian reservation near Tucson, we decided that a Broadway play that we were doing—now assumed at the direct request of President Kennedy—to produce Ford for Peace and to star Jacqueline Bismarck also had to be done on tape. David Susskind, who at that moment was putting up the cash, although we had been assured the entire success of the federal government would fund that if he (he, Bob and David) showed for a while, and David (and I) showed. Finally, Bob said, "Good. Go right ahead. But get yourself another producer and director." I, somehow more subtly, added, "And another writer."

We did not get the facilities of the U.S. government nor the services of Jacqueline or the President. The project was abandoned. It was to have been directed by a Kennedy graduate just to irritate. That was in 1962, and we flew to Brazil for the second time on the night of the Cuban missile crisis, not sure there'd be a Brazil the next day, but there was.

The Henry Thoreau series, in which Bob and I once again conspired with David Susskind, also resulted in a book *Miss Sprinkling*, which is still available. Bob again emerges in something of a hero. But you can read that elsewhere to your profit and mine.

Myself, if I were to use a single word to describe Bob, it would be *devoted*. Now there may have been, though I doubt it, periods when that word can have been considered much of an accolade, but this is not one of those times. He was generous of mind and of heart, and I never saw him engaged in anything but business, in art, or personally. A thoroughly decent man.

I talked to Bob about six months ago when he gave me a hard time because he thought I was too kind to David—their relationship has had its intense moments, as you can see on a Canadian talk show I did with David's wife.

"But what did you expect me to do?" I asked. "It was David's wife, after all."

"You could have told the truth," said Robert Alan Auerbach.

Although we had dinner in the city one or two times, I hadn't been to East Hampton—where, for some reason, Bob chose to live—since the happy weekend when Richard Nixon so heartily left the White House for what should have been death row at Sing Sing. We had a barbecue in our surrounded by waters (many of whom seemed quite personable), heard directors, dancers, chefs, lyricists, composers, musicians, singers, comedians, and, I believe, one or two poets (many who were working on their final novels).

There were many parties, but Bob devastated them all. Not that he was inebriated, his face was dark but never brooding (at times, Mabel Longfellow did a better job with David). He was a little unpleasant than he was to be, I more doubtful than he was to be. He was a little more than looking like "a short, pudgy goliath on a hockey team." He wasn't fond of the word "pudgy," pointing out that, as always, he was doing it (I don't notice it) and was doing it (I don't notice it). He was a little more than looking like "a short, pudgy goliath on a hockey team." He wasn't fond of the word "pudgy," pointing out that, as always, he was doing it (I don't notice it) and was doing it (I don't notice it).

Oh, I don't know, he mentioned some preposterous height, but, officially, he was five feet eight inches. I know that from his own lips and told me that in order to be the required height (five feet eight inches) to become a legislator at James Bush, he stretched himself and had friends stretch him (by my own admission I prefer not to) and by the time he was taken he just made it with not a millimeter to spare.

His dress was always observable, likely to be something like orange slacks, a blue-green jacket, a preposterous shirt, and sneakers of no identifiable color, sometimes brown.

But at six, his eyes were indeed fine. Heavy-lidded, brown eyes. Eyes, I once wrote, that exposed the best of you. That sounds a little sentimental now, I think I wrote it in 1960, but I wouldn't change a word of it. And when he talks now I play to sell him up, and then we will talk about and laugh a lot. Stories about people we know and like or love and people we dislike. The latter are always funnier, and Bob is a born storyteller, spicer and wittier. —



## Introducing the new Capri RS. A car that can handle. At a price you can handle.

A new 1979 Capri with suspension system designed for precise handling. A body shape refined in a wind tunnel. And a sticker price of \$4,750\*. This is the driving machine called Capri RS.

\*Capri RS sticker price: \$4,750. Destination charges, title, taxes extra. (Included on the car shown.) A body shape refined in a wind tunnel. And a sticker price of \$4,750\*. This is the driving machine called Capri RS.

### Radial Sport Suspension.

In the 79 Capri RS Radial Sport Suspension you get stabilizer bars front and rear. Up front, a modified MacPherson Strut Suspension with coil springs positioned between the lower control arms and longitudinal members.



In the rear, four angled trailing links, with shocks and coil springs outboard of body side rails. Tires are BR78x16 radials. Rack-and-pinion steering and front disc brakes are standard.

### Aerodynamic shape.

Outside, a slippery new shape refined by wind tunnel testing. The new Capri RS aerodynamics produce less drag than a '78 Corvette.

Inside, tachometer, trip odometer, ammeter and oil pressure and engine temperature gauges. Also, a four speed floor shift, a padded steering wheel, and a lockable glove box.

### The Rally Suspension option.

Want a more sophisticated set-up? Opt for Capri's Rally Suspension tuned to the new TRX Machetels. These low

profile steel belted radials, matched to forged aluminum alloy 15.75-inch wheels, give greater cornering capacity than the standard Capri RS equipment.

You can choose a Capri RS with a base 2.3 liter overhead cam engine, a 2.8 liter V-6, or a 5.0 liter V-8.

### The boost. Turbocharging.

...you can get all the way with a Capri Turbo RS. Standard on this ultimate Capri are Rally Suspension and a 2.3 liter engine mated to Capri's Allsearch TD-3 turbocharger.

### The base Capri. Sexy, too.

For under \$4,700 (base sticker price, destination charges, title, and taxes extra) you can put yourself into the base Capri and still get the same instrumentation as you get on Capri RS.

**MERCURY CAPRI**

LINCOLN MERCURY DIVISION



# Wolfschmidt Vodka. The spirit of the Czar lives on.

It was the time of "War and Peace," "The Nutcracker Suite," Of Tolstoy and Dostoevsky.

Yet in this age when legends lived, the Czar stood like a giant among men.

He could bend an iron bar on his bare knee. Crush a silver ruble with his fist. He had a thirst for life like no other man alive.

And his drink was the toast of St. Petersburg. Genuine Vodka.

He has changed since the days of the Czar. Yet, Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka still made here to the same supreme standards which elevated it to special appointment to His Majesty the Czar and the Imperial Romanov Court. Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka. The spirit of the Czar lives on.



**Wolfschmidt  
Genuine Vodka**

40 and 50 proof • Wolfschmidt, Inc. Ltd.

**ESQUIRE**

## The Riddle of Sadat

After eighteen months in prison in solitary confinement as a young man, Sadat has shown a metaphysical ability to change, to dispossess his former self and originate a new one

by Gail Sheehy



Sadat. Standing at the peak of destiny with a daughter-in-law

**E**ight years ago he was invited to by all the world's leaders as a performing clown. Five years ago he was still away to shake the United States into taking his seriously as a politician. Two years ago he stepped by Septa on his way to visit Jerusalem and he prophesied in President Assad all that would take place up through Camp David. The prophecy was fulfilled. It has all happened so fast, so fast, quite faster than what is made of Hebrew and Arabic al-Sadat.

Though he is an emotional man standing now at the peak of history, Sadat maintains an almost composure and serenity. Neither displeasure nor indignation, seldom even the fit and starts inherent in frustration, can be discerned in his utterances. He seems even to have transcended all the paralytic arguments about peace with Israel—but how?

There is one obvious factor. It would be difficult to exaggerate the advantage a Muslim leader enjoys during times of uncertainty and decision. While the Christian hangs guilt upon himself for every decision that goes wrong, the belief's predestination relieves the Muslim in advance of presuming any responsibility for his future actions or avoiding misdeeds. Yet the belief in predestination does not inhibit his making any move to achieve his objectives.

Other clues to Sadat's personality intrigued me. Last Novem-

ber, Sadat was a visual shock. His person had not appeared in the Egyptian papers for days, and when it did, suddenly, he was someone other than the warm, voluble personality who had reached out to America so often through the TV set with an almost palpable magnetism. Now Anwar Sadat looked shrunken, enervated, like a prisoner of war. On a prisoner of war. It was only after waiting four days to hear that the meaning of the man began to take flesh.

He did not enter the scene. He reappeared from somewhere unannounced and unguarded, as if a puff of smoke had taken form before me. Not a tall man, very dark. All in black, he stood with his polished English cane denouncing a clear social deviance such a concentration of energy, so intensely self-contained, as an apparent exception. Even so other of his dimensions beyond the victor—charm, charisma, theatricality—there was a puzzling sense that the man's manner was concentrated outside the moment.

The clue dropped accidentally. Sadat had been leaving me since August. It began during the Muslim holy month of Ramadan, but it did not stop there. He had kept it up through his "demonstrations" in the hills of Maryland, and then he had gone home to Egypt to start a second revolution. For three consecutive months, his favorite mosque, the Al-Azhar, was his home on the Nile. (Sadat's main north of Cairo, he was away from his family and the usual complexities of domestic life; he was also out of the temptations of speculation stirred by his unpredictable sayings and

Gail Sheehy is a contributing editor of *Esquire* magazine.



## For nearly twenty years—those between thirty-four and fifty-two, which are normally a man's most fruitful—Sadat disappeared in the shadow of Nasser and gave every sign that his youthful fire had dissipated into a lukewarm, middle-aged flunkydome.

replacements of over half his government ministers to well as the flow over his abrupt organization of a new presidential party.

Sadat was literally consuming and reconstituting himself for the rest of his life. For the first thirty days after Camp David, he had craved not a morsel of food nor a drop of water nor even a piece of tobacco until after midnight. He had retired almost to his bed nearly every day of his twenty-year term. The fasting, he told us, helped his mental discipline 100 percent. And he was it finished yet.

It will not be the first time Sadat has changed. Born a peasant, forged into a terrorist prisoner, purified as a prisoner, he reconstituted himself after the revolution into a loyal servant. For nearly twenty years—those between the ages of thirty-four and fifty-two, which are normally a man's most fruitful—Sadat disappeared into the shadow of Nasser and gave every sign that his youthful fire had dissipated into a lukewarm, middle-aged flunkydome. But when the accident of destiny thrust the presidency upon him, Sadat changed virtually overnight into a leader so breathtakingly bold he dared to assume completely the very second prerequisite he had hoped to impose. And in the last eight years, this man who was in power as a house cat for two decades has emerged as one of the more daring figures of the twentieth century.

That is what compelled me to try to meet and know Sadat. Eric De Groot and I went back and other leaders of liberal-minded youth. He bore into Mason after 500 and allowed a special request: What qualities enabled this presidential man to turn the dip and rise to his own upward destiny? What resources did he bring with him, what flaws, what weaknesses some give does he know? And how, exactly, did he win the White House? Egypt there is only one occasion that matters. It is not the presidency, it is a Nasser Sadat—the factor one knows the man and the persona, the better one should be able to anticipate the capricious course of events in the Middle East.

The latest change, his participation into a game revolutionary, turned out to be another in a series of metaphysical acts. His original strategy to change identity, to disengage his former self and organize in its place a new self with renewed spiritual and cerebral energy for the task ahead—this is the unique strength of Sadat.

"I have already started the social revolution in Egypt," boasted Sadat. It was the first private marriage he had granted in two months, and he was to grant five.

"But Mr. President, under Nasser the people were taught that it was the government's responsibility to do everything for them," I said. "How do you plan to motivate a national incentive?"

Terrific, terrible. Without the human effort, nothing can be done. He dwelled only on matters on the negative flunkydome he was off on an essential leap of flying proportions, looking toward at the satellite original campaign of his vision crumpling off the island from the American nose cone, another a hole in the proverbial night after night. "These shocks all over the West only 50 or sixty years ago," he repeated his reason. "No one can believe that this has arrived in two hundred years to be the most powerful, richest country in the world." As if compelled by his move-quick version of the American prosperity formula, Sadat came to the edge of his chest, eyes bright in place, and he delivered his new motto over again. "I am taking my people to want like you want, the desire to be in the West. Everyone can achieve

his ambition! But leave this old valley, go out and find it in the Western desert? Go West, young man! And fight the fighters! Live America."

No one to rest on his laurels, the next great stroke was already in rehearsal. It had to be. Hope is the only defense here against the duty reminder of economic collapse. Sadat is on the threshold of a truly staggering task. His main pick up the dirt poor, noncompeting society will be available as the priorities of Nasser's socialism and somehow turn it into a society where even work done is goods become competitive, people develop a work ethic and Egypt's productivity rate enters the twentieth century. The question is whether or not he can do it without robbing the people of their sense values: the sharing the passion, the good humor, the capacity to absorb—quite that have been the secrets of Egypt's endurance for its first 3,000 years.

Sadat personally absorbs these values. He came into the world a village, absorbing the values of the father in a boy. This is the stuff of which he is made, and to know how it is made the real Egypt—before the Arabs, before Nasser, before the Soviets, before the new American dream.

Even preliminary answers to my questions were not easy to come by from talking to him. For one thing, Sadat is very sensitive, a lover. And in the face of the skepticism of Egypt's leader toward the world, his popularity at home is surprisingly that. Except among the children, who worship him as the new prophet.

*Muhammad Atwar of Sadat. Muhammad Atwar of Sadat. Muhammad Atwar of Sadat—the children's voices snap like kites in the breeze as they march around the school yard of Luxor, as they march around school yards all over Egypt each morning. Blue blue blue gives a big hollow drum. Their chant when Sadat long to for the sake of Egypt. He is the father. And Egypt—Myr, Myr, Myr, ammen—his mother.*

Many grown Egyptians, however, continue to look upon Sadat as a brother elder—"a lion with depth," a performer of three-hour televised crisis operations in which one man plays out his present role as the father of his people, beginning his utterance with "my October war," my crowing, "my glorious Arab nation," even "my five years."

In fact Sadat revels with the idea of becoming an actor when he was young. Reminded that today he is looked abroad as a master of the media, a University of Cairo student society observed, "The performance is always exciting—but we see all the rehearsal."

Above all, Egyptians find it laughable but ludicrous that Americans think Sadat is a war hero. Even kinder. They have known him from the beginning. He is a peasant and a black man. They see him with the eyes of his first wife.

Yet they claim him—"He is one of us"—and recognize him as an extension of Egypt. An Egyptian foreign ministry official who is a wise and seasoned observer of Sadat gave a telling description. "He is the Middle East's running sore. A natural politician. He is never neutral, like the British are. When all is hopeless, Sadat will find a niche. This is Egypt. Later he will worry about performing the superlative."

It is well to remember that Egypt has absorbed the influences and occupations of practically everybody—Greeks, Romans, French, English and nearly 300 years of colonization by the Turks during which Egypt has culturally assimilated. Her people

Appl. The blue pyramids. One Sadat's enduring role he remains?



**Performer, politician, poet, prophet—the man is all four sides. They form a geometry as pure in its logic and mystical in its inspiration as the pyramids. And one can never quite distinguish between the side one is looking at and the side one has just seen.**

did not endear by getting excited. And they don't get excited today, not even by this extraordinary leader who comes off the shelf and onto the affluence of international media lights.

"Outside, they are just discovering him," observed his new foreign spokesman, Mohamed Hossain. "In a little difference between a forerunner and an Egyptian looking at the pyramids."

The image is apt: performer, politician, poet, prophet—the man is all four sides. They form a geometry as pure in its logic and mystical in its inspiration as the pyramids. And when studying Sadat, just as when contemplating the pyramids, one can never quite distinguish between the side one is looking at and the side one has just seen.

## I. SADAT'S EGYPT

**D**on't get too high. Mid-morning cool. A gleam of copper bowl on the dirt floor. A woman bends over a mud-brick oven and draws out a soft cap of falafel bread. The boy sleeping on top of the oven sniffs. He sleeps in the village where Anwar Sadat slept in such a mud house as a small boy—drawing his bedouin aunts, all Egyptian parents, taught or sensed by the breath. Childhood in this delta village was for Sadat as "mushawarra" source of happiness.

Even today, in the heat of afternoon, the air of Mit Ahal-Kom is sweetened. There is only the sing of swallows and the flutter of children's laughter as school kids cast the girls in long flowered dresses and white headscarves, the shy boys increasing pull-boys of on cars and scattered benches.

Sticks of cane beds tied about the west stand in the fields, waiting for the wind to come, to sit, then hear the hanks loose for fuel and roofing. The boy and his mates snuck on sweet lemons and sugary sorcery before gulping it, to help the mother's desire, perhaps, up the hard and ladder to reach the garden for fuel, to store the wheat in a cask on the roof, they have gone for look-alikes, for making the ladder, for standing on the roof and opening doors.

This is childhood for the fellahin of Egypt, as it was for Sadat. Each family will help the child to cultivate the land. No one has enough wealth to go to school. Finally, I breathe your buffalo tomorrow you use my plow. The farms are stretched together like carpet squares, seldom more than two or three fellahin touch of which is nearly equivalent to an acre) to a family. And finally is self the foundation of survival. The teaching, the wise physical rearing of such a childless, poor Sadat is carrying their lives which to make the many struts toward self-improvement throughout his life. Security here comes from the consensus of the best, every child draped to one like a brooch, a statue, never waiting for a human cause.

It comes, too, out of the repetition of natural cycles. With water plentiful during the river runs and falls and across the seasons. Always green, gentle, rising, extending, the Nile leaves a film of water over the fields, in which are mirrored the ancient shapes of canon planes and cabbage leaves, anemone and peonies, that have nourished them water chains of life: mindless, iron plucking their eternal cycles. An old man on a horse shading his hairy face with a white turban. Women spurring, beside the banks of the canal, splashing water into the laps of white turbans and, lifting it, run through the clothes and over the side. Men in their ancient galleys lifting water from one level to another on the threads of an Archimedes' screw. Men racing in the fields,

where and soft in mud. So it is even today. For every five kilometers traveled outside of Cairo, another century of confusion follows. When reason and those elements that have proved the test of surviving life through countless gods, laws, and politicians, armies and religious doctrines, even before the Arab's case Agency for International Development office.

The first blow to that serenity came for Sadat when his father suddenly moved the family of thirteen children to Cairo and urban impoverishment. The same time as the gas left by many of the 100,000 fallen who today migrate into Egypt's cruel every work was suffered by Sadat. City life was back the human contact hollow by comparison. The contrast is recorded in his book. "In the village... we belong to one another, indeed we are mutually bound together by ties of friendship, cooperation, and love. In the city [under King Farouk and the palace system] people belong to their wealth, their power, their lusts, ungracious houses—of indifference and a cruel 'indifference'."

Yet even today as a Cairo so deteriorated and dense with homeless millions that it is said to be terminally diseased, the people do not explode. Still they bring with them into the city the ethos of a green life. The stretched line of Egypt is today the same as it was for ancient flood-gathering societies—one of sharing, co-operation, and assistance of itself.

One afternoon at the main intersection of the Khay Khalil bazaar at peak shopping hour, the center of chaos, I saw a vivid evidence of this national continuity. A barefoot man bearing two bags of corn on his back was crossing the intersection. The whole herd throng of white bedouins and small caravans and carting bones was weaving through the dust when the man suddenly dropped one of his bags. For that, everything came to a dead stop. Another man with a cart gaily maneuvered his own load to make room for the split bag of corn. Traffic resumed moments for the man while the man with the cart had to help his barefoot brother. Meanwhile, when the man with the cart lost his wheel, another will help him. And so it goes.

The doors of the houses never close. Disturbed and despoiled even the new men from America, they are random moving spheres that collect and disperse bodies who catch-up-catch-up whenever the bus down down. Always more coming. The bus driver is a tell-tale of Egyptian social behavior. Amidst the impossibility of performing the simplest acts of mobility, there is no pushing, no hostility, not even a complaining word.

The sweetness, always the sweetness. The pregnant woman stepping off the bus can jump the back of an old man climbing on and somehow they won't crash. Unsurprisingly, the bus crowds in a metal strangle with a back as resistant for social organization.

The social distance may be subtle, but that does not make it at all the dignity of each human life. Here Egypt is different from every other Third World country, such as India. There are no sacred cows in Cairo. The primary internal resistance of Egypt is for people. They take care of the mother. A deity shared in a clearly less dreaded. Forgive me here are more important than money, for owing to its Arab aspect this is a trust society.

The indomitable revolutionary zeal of Sadat as a boy was witnessed by his first exposure to a rich palace. To be sponsored by a palace was the only hope Sadat had to join the military academy. His circumstance of the arranged meeting in his book shows a revealing discrepancy between Sadat and the average Egyptian. "The palace looked at my father and said very laughingly, 'Oh, yes. You're the senior clerk of the Health Department, and that's your son who... I see... all right, all right.' It was an experience."



## The emotional tone of Egypt is that of ancient food-gathering societies—an ethos of sharing and cooperation predominate.

PHOTO BY AP/WIDEWORLD

once that has remained with me all my life. I don't think I shall ever forget it."

Virtually every Egyptian boy not born to wealth during the 1930s' came up through a similar sense of deprivation if he wanted to better himself, but in Sudan it evoked a sense of bewilderment so exaggerated as to provide him with enough fuel for twenty years of revolutionary activities. Indeed, roughly thirty years later, Sudan was still able to relish the sweet irony of retaining the same jobs in his office while Sudan was speaker of the National Assembly. The man had come with problems cantering his emboldened property. Reminding the reduced nobility of their 1911 meeting, Sudan chuckled then: "If it hadn't been for you, the revolution would not have been possible."

Sudan's appetite for self-improvement also corrupted that of any ordinary villager's son. "It is quite simply like this," Sudan told me when I asked for the source of his personal transition to better life. "I have been making since my childhood, even when I was very poor, but proud. I have always been seeking to be something big."

Hefar was his boyhood hero. Twelve years old when Hitler switched from Munich to Berlin, Sudan told his mates, "I shall be phrasing such a good thing as that, to march from Mt. Arafat-Kum to Cairo and to get rid of all these imperialist agents in the country." So intense was his concentration upon conquest or any thing that could help achieve the singular goal of liberating his nation from the British, Sudan did not focus on the Nazis. Later, during World War II, he welcomed the unexpected speed with which Hitler's forces swept over Europe because it favored the personal status of the professed Egyptian patriot. For most Egyptians, Hitler did not bear any relevance to the Holocaust. What Sudan admired here was the efficiency with which he had brought order out of chaos after his country's defeat in the First World War.

"He was a high-spirited boy," said the mayor of Sudan's village, a man long in the tooth who knew the period as a young man. "He was always thinking to topple the Square of King Farouk."

At a very young age Sudan married a girl from Mt. Arafat-Kum to whom he was related. Early marriage is considered normal in Egyptian villages like in discontented a young man's maturity. This "favorable" marriage as Sudan describes it, dissolved when the birth of three children. But since Sudan became president, the members of this first family are never spoken of—compensated.

Living the haphazard reality of the young patriot to the full, Sudan spent his twenties on the run plotting, collaborating, winning for revolutionary causes that never showed up, suffering defeat, being charged with treason, and finally escaping to a life of solitude in the mountains of the Egyptian desert. It was there that Sudan first learned how to vacate his imperial reality and reside variously in religious, mystical, or self-teaching states of mind.

This was the key experience, and one that is so frequently the crucible in forming charismatic leaders that we ought dwell on it for a moment.

Charles de Gaulle, another patriot who grew up on childhood dreams of saving his country, became a soldier and also blossomed only after the age of fifty as a political leader and courageous statesman, having been tested by spending the last years of World War in captivity. Unable to escape prison physically, he found a way to transcend the corporal self. It would appear that this power to retreat to an inner residence, free of the fear or banishment that would ordinarily corrode such a place, came to De Gaulle's rescue over again at a critical transition in later life.



For every five Egyptians, another stands at the ready—evidence of revolutionary fervor. The city now of revolution expects to lose no more than 100,000 acres of desert are reasonably irrigable.

Without warning, at the age of fifty five and after the close of the Second World War, De Gaulle announced his resignation as president of the French assembly. He withdrew into a period of preparation for the next twelve years at least, six of which were spent in virtually spiritual seclusion with his family in the country. Here he was able to contemplate the accumulated wisdom of his life and come to terms with at least the first half of it by writing his war memoirs. When France turned to him in 1958 to create a new government and lead the country, De Gaulle was so refreshed and ready to change everything to his taste.

Sudan also took time out in his last fifteen to meditate upon his earlier dreams and actions and to come to terms with what he thinks about them by writing a book. Mildly titled *In Search of History*, isn't it striking how many charismatic figures pause to write their memoirs? President Carter, Henry Kissinger, and Moshe Dayan, just to name three involved in Sudan's destiny. It may be an essential part of what goes into creating the inner core of a great leader while his engines are stilling.

When I asked Henry Kissinger where on a scale of visionary statesmen to the last century he would place Anwar Sadat, a look approaching awe came over his otherwise so probing of a face. "Sadat is the greatest since Bonaparte," he said, reminding me

that Bonaparte managed to conduct a revolution of the entire state even while maintaining his position at the head of that state—"extraordinary."

The similarities between Anwar Sadat and Otto von Bonaparte do not stop with this link. Both have been known as intensely emotional, sensitive, charming men, but less well-regarded in how closely they paralleled each other as late bloomers in political life. For the better part of his first thirty-five years, Bonaparte was a crown prince, totally uninvolved in politics or diplomacy.

Like Sadat, Bonaparte did not reach supreme power until right around the age of fifty, whereupon he set about the making of modern Germany until, twenty-one years later, his health drastically failed. His work unfolded, he refused to submit. Instead, like Sadat, he was into something of a transcendence state for two years—consuming his old self on a diet of burning and reorganizing his new self with a return to horseback riding—until he emerged as a young, completely renewed and the master of his destiny.

All the time Sadat spent in prison, he was sustained by the dream of every revolutionary who believes the culmination of life will come with the overthrow of the old. And when the link of the revolution did come in 1952, a jubilant Sadat asked himself "What else could I want?"

The end of the old came, of course, only in the steps, begging for a new beginning. Like most revolutionaries, Sadat and the rest of the dream soldiers who took over the country had no idea what to do with it once they won it. Hoping upon the West all the blame for the previous revolution's failure, they turned from European influence to Islam. So eager were they to be subsumed in a greater Arab national character, Sadat's revolutionary circle wiped out nearly all traces of Egyptian cultural heritage, including, from 1958 to 1971, the very name of Egypt. They called it then the United Arab Republic. And with the rest of their frustration, they fell to power struggling among themselves.

Even in Sudan was King Nasser to inspire democracy for a dictatorship, his beloved leader named as he was with a volcano and totally premeditated attack.

Why not? Sadat tried to himself only one who has never been compared with him? But to examine the psychological underpinnings of the betrayal while that close was impossible. It was only when he remembered the pain while writing his autobiography that Sadat was able to pursue the realization that Nasser died to save him, indeed that Nasser's cry created him to lead against Sadat did very have explain by which the young revolutionary thought to establish his influence.





Cairo—so thick with old and done with new, 15 million live in it. It is also so incredibly so close—so hot, really, Sadat cannot escape

## How many men could emerge after two decades of passivity, every fiber of stifled intuition intact, ready to take risks?

dictators, and in the future, no exchange of embassies and no nuclear cooperation.

The next five months the man did his best. In September I received a personal letter from Carter, delivered to me by a special envoy.<sup>1</sup> Twice Sadat emphasized that the note was in Carter's own handwriting. Carter must have hurried quickly that the way to deal with Sadat is one-to-one, through personal notes and private chats. To begin with, Egyptians don't trust things on paper: personal contact is everything in a true society (See Backstage with Reagan, page 6.) More than that, Sadat does not deal well with process or systems. Like a Congress or a Knesset or an Arab League. He is a one-man show.

"In my answer to President Carter is my own handwriting also, and also with a special envoy. I wrote, 'My dear friend, some bold action should be taken.' But what were the dramatic acts of his bold action? Two months before my answer there was nothing in his hand."

Conceded that now he had his best shot out of the three American Presidents he had dealt with, Sadat moved swiftly to take the measure of his enemy. Discovering that his friend Nicolae Ceausescu, president of Romania, had recently received Menachem Begin, Sadat moved himself to Romania and came right to the point: "I want you to answer me two questions," he said to Ceausescu. "First, is Menachem Begin sincere for peace? And, is the man strong enough to work as the prince?"

Sadat had suffered from the weakness of Nubia's government: Ceausescu gave Sadat the measure of Begin, concluding that yes he was for peace and yes, he was strong enough for the peace.

Pressing over Turkey on route from Romania to Iran, Sadat told me he was excited with: "How am I going to make this bold

act that I promised Carter?" He began forming his move: make out of this act in Sadat's book. I later stumbled over this explanation of how he was able to vacate the emotional act that had made Israel taboo for his entire generation: "It was then that I drew, almost unconsciously, on the inner strength I had developed in Cell 54 of Cairo Central Prison—a strength, with it a talent or capacity, for change. My contemplation of life and human nature in that isolated place had taught me that he who cannot change the very fabric of his thought... is a deeper and perhaps subtler level than the conscious level... will never be able to change reality, and will never, therefore, make any progress." The self-knowledge indicated by this statement is remarkable.

On the practical level, Sadat also knew that he had to deliver the bold move he had promised Carter or Carter might lose interest in the Middle East and turn his energies to more secure and likely to show up his long domestic popularity. And the new American President could be a lot worse. Indeed, Sadat let Carter ask him out of his first idea, which was to call for a twenty-four-hour superpower round table in Jerusalem.

"The time is so short for me," Sadat told me fervently. All heroes act with a sense of diminishing time, recognizing they have a limited life, a moment in history. Ultimately Sadat showed to himself: "Why should I hide behind my powers? King Hussein does this. Why don't I take the problem on my own hands? Face the heads in their own den?"

Delivering this invitation, Sadat is literally pointing his horse, trying to discuss physically "Exactly! Exactly!" he repeats. And that was the birth of the historic day of the Egyptian leader to Jerusalem.

# New Belair... all the way to fresh!



## NOW 30% LESS 'TAR'!

*Just the right touch of menthol.  
Never heavy. Never harsh.  
The taste is pure fresh!*

Now only 9 mg!

**Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health**

9 mg "tar," 0.9 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.





Wherever you go, it's raining. Just what's behind it, super natural? Super lightning, super rain. If that's what you're after, make the run to Lord Calvert Canadian.

Follow the Canadian Superstar.

## Mrs. Sadat is an ambitious and fiercely independent woman. Some say she is her husband's courage, others insist she's his problem. The Sadat marriage may just rest on the same solid foundation of subterfuge as some of the best Western marriages.

The president forbids cigarette—his blasted time to describe any bad news. Just let an adviser translate that Egypt is too dark and Sadat will "reign him" to average along with scores of other political, intellectual, and journalistic shelf lives.

Coming a second Sadrone, a second libation, a new Morocco—2,000 new hotel rooms by 1990 if they open on time. But the tourists are already leaping up into 1980. The Sadrone's main in the Middle East, Moud Alot, will try to find his overflow on two new cruises up and down the Nile. Keep more coming.

Coming to the only way to think if one is to survive in Egypt today. The president knows it, and the people know it. Egypt's fraction of an inch of the streets of downtown Cairo is filled a second before it's started. By a wonder not of persistence, Sadat is already speaking subterfuge from the second set of his social revolution before he has written the first line into the current five-year plan.

Egypt's problem is not only money, it is absorption. The 1980-million total annual American aid package to Egypt represents our largest monetary contribution to any country in the world. The dirty little secret is that only about half the 77 fiscal year aid has been used, and 30 percent of the 75 money so far. The absorption problem is symbolized by the mixed blessing of western restaurants. With half the population of Egypt under the age of twenty-four and with almost no social mobility at home, one out of ten members of the Egyptian work force goes to work abroad. The restaurants they send back are the largest source of foreign reserves—\$1.5 billion a year—but also account for the drastic skill drain. There's nobody home between the present plan and the next secret to do the actual work.

The president asked, he asks all visiting American journalists these days, that I quote him in asking for a Canadian. He immediately upon a signing of Paul Middle East records, he promises, he will be asking President Carter for a commitment of \$10 to \$15 billion over five or six years to rebuild Egypt's infrastructure. "And quote me to Senate and Congress. If they are not going to agree upon this, I shall be coming to the States and raising hell."

Whether he comes out of Congress, Sadat will still face an economy composed of underlocking, without credit. All the good news comes from the Moud period, when the country was turned into a welfare state without the productive wealth to support it—five schools and universities, guarantees of government jobs for every college graduate, subsidized food and phones and roads, and a system that makes it virtually impossible to fire anybody. Except Sadat.

Some critics he looks like a king—no least eight houses from Anwar to Alex, where Sadat makes use of a former Farouk palace by the sea that makes Versailles look like a guest cottage. Some say Mrs. Sadat is his courage, others insist she's his problem. One Western observer is convinced Sadat falls after thinking about how to answer when the Arabs. Not at all. "I think of something you say and believe," Sadat confides. "Of no answers." He simply remains from the margins of womanhood and leaves himself in the most popular potboilers in the world—Barbara Cartland garb—and he sleeps very, very well.

An ambitious, beautiful, and fiercely independent woman, she has Sadat went back to school after the age of fifty to get her college degree. She is driven alone in a custom-built Mercedes, wears tinted glasses, and packs her Alexander-crowned hairbrush on every trip abroad. But when Sadat also rises at 5:30 every

morning to put in a workday often twice as long as that of her husband's new.

A restless man, Sadat moves with his twelve-man secretariat like a man between his rest houses, summoning cabinet members one by one when he wants to see them. Mrs. Sadat, now pursuing a graduate degree, may stay put during the school year at the Pyramids house in Giza. Her French says the reason she did not accompany the president was that she was taking final exams. Her husband told me otherwise: "We have a deal since the beginning—she has nothing to do with politics. We don't believe here in the wife power in the decision. Politics is something rather terrible and shall continue so."

This is not what When Sadat told reporter Judith Kipper in an interview for *The Observer*: "I love politics. I was politics that attracted me to my husband."

The Sadat marriage may just rest on the same solid foundation of subterfuge as some of the best Western marriages. From the objective view of frequent guests Henry and Nancy Kissinger, there is no such great secret. Sadat's marriage.

Mrs. Sadat was not available for an interview. Perhaps she is still getting over the last reporter who passed herself off as doing a piece for a stringified news service and actually published it in *Playboy*. This is not the kind of publicity the president's wife needs. Too vigorous an advocate of birth control and women's emancipation to suit the Moud brotherhood on the right, too backward in allowing her own daughter to marry at age fifteen to please those on the left, when Sadat is already the lightning rod for much of the controversy stirred by the president.

"It is possible the Muslim Right and the Conservatives. Left could continue into a fairly dangerous political force," says one senior American observer. Islamic Marxism is a mixture, a perfectly consistent with the Muslim in social and economic doctrine, once the religious aspect is set aside. Like his friend the shah, for whom Islamic Marxism has become a religiously trendy, Sadat will see the existence of a true opposition in a luxury for his country. After the outbreak of this two year gap, which caused Sadat's allergy to Marxism to flare up, the president cracked down on opposition parties.

In an outbreak of political magnanimity this fall, Sadat called for his volunteers from his newly formed National Democratic party to break away and form a loyal opposition. The total number of Marxist MPs. Barriers between them and him. He doesn't have a lot of luxury for people who disagree with him.

Middle-class discontent may be Sadat's alibi. While the Islamic reform, as they have always ended, the observability of the situation is every day worse. The secret class is willing on its terms to work under the authority of the shah in the first room, just as the dirty and unclean conditions in Cairo now demand that the land be divided every half hour. Twenty-five years of subterfuge cannot be ended overnight. But Sadat could be in trouble if by 1990 the shah is still waiting for the president and his wife to wait waiting to cross the street.

For this is one lady whose secret is no one's problem. No day for Sadat is like any other. And so he will continue eating, organizing, performing, prophesying, and who is to say he will not again find the same—this time the wife to transcend the actuality of economic paralysis, to make Egypt into the world of developed nations, and to renew her cooking role in the East. If anyone should be so passionately loves, it is Muhammad Anwar el-Sadat. —



# Blessed Are the Women of America, For Donahue Is Their Shepherd

Women have made a feminist hero of this mop-haired Irish Catholic from Cleveland. Touchdown Jesus would be proud

by William Brashler

**O**f the many things this country has received from Notre Dame, most are in some way derivatives of the famous library. It is of the university's library building. It is of Christ with his arms raised in benediction. Students have dubbed it "Touchdown Jesus." These same students, so inspired, have gone on to become some of America's finest priests, and aggressive FBI agents. That's an admittedly selective sampling, but not an inaccurate one: for many of today's trendy male students have been served well by the school in South Bend, Indiana.

It is ironic, then, that one of these Notre Dame graduates, a mop-haired Irish Catholic from Cleveland who's don'ts hair and cropped fringe with the best of them, should today be one of America's most influential feminists. It is ironic that each day more women are educated—about sex, morals, trends, and personalities—by this Notre Dame product, more women peer into his eyes, communicate with him, and learn less than they do any other provider—men or women—in the land. Phil Donahue is a more important force in raising women's consciousness than Gloria Steinem and Ms. magazine combined.

Phil Donahue is forty-three and may well be America's oldest star boy. Daily he examines his conscience and forces it into the best thing on the dial: a subliminal message of charm and confidence, an antidote to the plastic world of television but a credit to the dominion of Touchdown Jesus.

Each weekday, he invites 200 women into his studio, while number six and a half million are within the sound of his voice. He sits at them, legs apart, straight, talks, listens, jabs, leans, and shares with them. They respond by making him, as in May of last year, the most popular and highly acclaimed talk show host on daytime television. He is steadily leaving Merv, Mike, and Don in the ratings shadows with a show that violates most of the industry's rules and a showman personality better suited for a religious service than the potlatch table.

Donahue—one handsome word, cut down from the *Phil Donahue Show*—is not Manhattan chic or dapper downtown Burbank

or live from the MGM Grand. Each day it is talk generated from a center block studio at WGN-TV in Chicago. The station is an independent owned by Chicago's Tribune Company and is located on the city's northwest side, two miles due west of Wrigley Field. Apart from *Donahue*, WGN airs old movies, *Rose's Grease* over 140 Cubs games, and reruns of *Night's Mirror*. Each day at 10:30 a.m., the 200 women arrive there from nearby suburbs and students' homes in buses and Toyota station wagons. Just an hour earlier, Donahue himself has driven in from a North Shore Chicago suburb as his brown Chevrolet Caprice.

At 10:45 they are seated, mostly when, well dressed, of all ages, quietly conversing (though there are a surprising number of working women taking the morning off). The women are seated on metal chairs in the Donahue studio, just next door to Rose. They wait for the wonder of television to begin. *Donahue* seems not unlike scores of other local talk show programs across the country: indeed, eleven years ago, at WLWD-TV, in Dayton, Ohio, it was just that, a strictly hometown production. Today, however, the show is syndicated in 334 stations, reaching over four and a half million households, including the major markets of New York City, where it outpaces the local and network competition, Los Angeles, and Chicago. It is the most talked-about talk show on daytime television, the most effective book-selling show on the air, having passed the *Today* show in that regard sometime previously.

You wouldn't know it to be true. A telephone call—any message long under abandoned everywhere else on television—for coffee questions and wide angles are put in the audience so Donahue can field impromptu questions. The show, which is taped for delayed broadcast elsewhere in the country, is fed live to Chicago audiences, only telephone calls, monitored by an associate producer in south-of-fringe, are invited. There is only one topic of discussion a day. It may be divorce, abortion, homosexuality, rape, incest, pedophilia, racism—any one of an endless and exhaustive pool used to fill 235 fresh programs a year. To add a touch of show biz and variety to things as common as Hollywood celebrity (is Richard Dreyfuss or a Steve Allen) appears, also for a full hour, and talks about a list more than just his career move.

By all standards, the show should feel immensely. Donahue has no obnoxious mask, he doesn't sing, tell jokes, cut the band, or fall into loud chatter with the likes of Sherry Glines. De-

*William Brashler is a writer-novelist currently living in Chicago. His last piece for Esquire was a profile of writer's Paul Harvey.*

*Left: Phil Donahue, the midland marvel, is forty-three and may well be America's oldest star boy. He's the best thing on the daytime dial.*

Photograph by Francesco Scavone

JANUARY 30, 1979/ESQUIRE 41



ing Corey, the missing Kathleen. He missed out on a touch of roses and entertainment, the participation and identification of his viewers, in studio and at home, and delivers a consistently high level of tension and debate. In all, he eddy enough believes that he will not go broke counteracting the intelligence of his American audience.

At 10:50, he walks unannounced onto the stage. He comes in from the rear, the same way his audience arrived. They spot him, swoon, and break into loud applause (even listened in from a television that normally reserved for Newman, Rockford, or Fall-out Newbury, that were in the audience). If the day's show features Taddy Kennedy or John Denver, that's nice. If not, if the program is between mothers, bad acts, a gay lawyer, that's no much the better. The women in the oval chairs have worked up to two pairs for their tickets and only because of the man.

Part of it is Donahue's grace since his chosen, they think, avoid gray hair, the truly good looks, the wit. He is handsome but not a knockout. His nose is a little big, his eyebrows, too badly, the mouth, peaked in, he talks with a slight lisp. The whole is much better than the parts but he does make a beauty, an athletic grace within the three-part beauty. He, and few people around him are unaware of it. Yet all that would go for me if every woman in every chair, and each one watching at home, didn't think that he was somehow vulnerable, that they could talk to this guy and he would talk back and they would both reveal something about each other.

He immediately wants to. The audience, he says, is the show's most precious asset. "Without them, we wouldn't work. I'd be doing for them." So he smiles, reaches, goes through stunts to make them feel at ease. "See, Donnie, I feel like a big man. Glad you're here. I'm so nervous. Any Celine Dion? He waves the microphone as a great sparkles, holy water with his superfluous, but want to make you feel at home. Gosh, you look so much thinner in person." On and on, until the audience is glad it's there. Then he makes his pitch. "When the show begins, I help you out. Get into the act. Show me you care."

And the pitch continues into the broadcast, which opens without any fanfare and almost before the audience knows it. Today he's hosted two ladies' nights and their six children in talk about living together in a family. The studio audience—these 200 homegrown misadventures—laugh at it, stoned, then troubled, then strongly sympathetic to the two quite ordinary-looking women, who say they feel enormously libidinal, and their children, whose they feel marginally better.

In minutes, Donahue is rearing up and across the aisle with his portable microphone, working the crowd like a vendor in Wrigley Field, saving the tension, communicating the concern and bewilderment of his audience to his guests. It is a show that Carrot, Buckley, or Deen couldn't begin to handle. It is Donahue in his best.

He winks at a guest, goes to her with the mike, faces her, holds her hand or puts his arm around her back as she talks. If he trips the wood and reassures a female audience, he would

appear paternal, patronizing, and sexist. Donahue does it as a host, a listener, and thrives because of it.

That is his magic. You cannot watch the show without getting the feeling that you have gotten your question in, that the women standing up, unheeded, unheeded, unheeded, are saying what's on your mind.

Yet it would be little more than video snuffery if Phil Donahue weren't there to make a work.

He wasn't phased from a modeling agency, a battlefield, or a crowded situation, comforted. Donahue came up from being a reporter to a string of small radio and television stations, having covered fire, auto accidents, and political prisoners, to take over a Duxton talk show.

The previous show came complete with audience. Donahue decided to keep it. "They had taken to the show as they took to me, so we had to let them in." With producers Dick Mercer, a short, baritone-like man, and Patricia McMillen, a tall, intense woman who would have reminded that she was once described as looking like Marilyn Farrow's older sister, Donahue worked at his format, discovering that the questions he took from the audience were often better than his own. He did show to women, married men, and, of course, athletes, legend as occasional celebrity to come to Duxton, and never shed away from any topic or anyone.

He began with a coffee to it, because the consensus of the feminist industry he held up an unapologetically complete doll and watched the show's phone lines short out. He met Ralph Nader at the Duxton airport at 1:30 in the morning, drove him to his apartment, and persuaded him to appear on his small town show. It was one of his first programming coups. Nader appeared another time opposite Edward Cole, then president of General Motors.

Phil Donahue works intensely. This is, after all, a guy who did sit in therapy in Notre Dame, with in therapy in Notre Dame, who went up as fast for a pass during so much football game that he was knocked unconscious and didn't know who he was until several hours later. He deals with interest and topics related to women, choosing often when there's the worst possible and shares that the boys in Notre Dame once exhibited toward women who visited South Bend in sweaters and corsets on football weekends (they're gone).

With all that scrambling, he hardly had time to get a big head. He was a star only in Dayton. Slowly other stations signed to him still prefer syndication to a network slot. "If Pittsburgh drops you, you're still alive in Cincinnati. On a network, one man can cut the whole ball game." But it was a slow process. For years, Donahue was still that low-key, too-good-looking guy from Ohio—and no big deal.

He kept at it, making his mistakes in Dayton and correcting them, taking chances and making them pay off, building his audience and establishing his credibility. In 1974, the show, with producers Mercer, McMillen, and Denise Hayes full of what are still with the program, moved to WGN's Addison Street studios in Chicago. The team continued to add stations but still trailed the ramps of network competition and missed outside the

**He took football as seriously as theology. Words like impish, boyish, and clean-cut will follow him to the grave.**



The graduate and his family. That former intensity was there even at Notre Dame. And he has his sense of that college-boy charm.

who went up as fast for a pass during so much football game that he was knocked unconscious and didn't know who he was until several hours later. He deals with interest and topics related to women, choosing often when there's the worst possible and shares that the boys in Notre Dame once exhibited toward women who visited South Bend in sweaters and corsets on football weekends (they're gone).

# EASTERN HAS A WARM SPOT JUST FOR YOU.

This winter, let Eastern Airlines take you to places where summer is eternal. Like Puerto Rico and the Caribbean.

We've got more vacations under the sun than anyone. And our discount fares can take you there for less than you'd expect. Here are a few of our warm spots just for you.

**1. SAN JUAN WITH ST. THOMAS OPTION.** \$220-\$327\* PLUS AIRFARE. Soak in the al fresco Puerto Rico sun and stay at a selected hotel for 8 days/7 nights. Includes Lufthansa line admission to the Folklore Ballet and the Light and Sound Spectacle. Or let \$18 more, indulge yourself with a round-trip flight to St. Thomas for a day of free shopping. (ASK FOR IT/TELETYPE)

**2. VIRGIN ISLANDS SUN 'N' SPIRITS.** \$164-\$174\* PLUS AIRFARE. Raise your spirits for 8 days/7 nights at a selected hotel in either St. Thomas or St. John, and enjoy the great shopping bargains and crystal

clear waters. Included are round-trip airport transfers and five fifths of popular brands of duty-free liquor (nicola only). Price will vary by destination. (TELETYPE/ASK)

**3. HAITI.** \$96-\$123\* PLUS AIRFARE. Take in the vibrancy of Haiti as you spend 8 days/7 nights at your choice of selected hotels. There's great shopping for colorful paintings that have made Haitian artists famous far beyond their borders. Round-trip transfers are included. (TELETYPE/ASK)

**THE AMERICAN EXPRESS® CARD.** Don't leave home without it! It lets you charge any of these vacations and get extended payments with the "Sign & Travel" plan. Pick up an application wherever the card is welcomed.

For more information, call your travel agent. Or Eastern Airlines.



**PUERTO RICO AND THE CARIBDEAN** \*\$96-\$374\* PLUS AIRFARE

\*Prices are per person, double occupancy. Do not include taxes, meals, local taxes, service charges, gratuities or transfers unless indicated. Prices are effective 12/8/79, and are subject to change.



**EASTERN**  
WE HAVE TO EARN OUR WINGS EVERY DAY

# ON THE TRACK OR ON THE ROAD, NOTHING EVEN COMES CLOSE.

Since 1948, Porsche has won over 350 major races. But winning is not the sole reason we compete.

At Porsche, we think of the race track as the ultimate testing ground for our ideas. If they work under the torturous conditions of Nurburgring or in the grueling 24 hours of Le Mans, we know they'll work for you on the road.

There are many things we've tested on our

racing cars before we used them on our production cars. Things like vented disc brakes, rack-and-pinion steering, electronic ignition, oil coolers, low profile wide oval tires, front spoilers, and many more. And even today, every race we run helps us develop new ideas and further refine old ones.

It's this kind of dedication to performance and excellence that has made Porsche one

of the finest production sports cars in the world. Whether you drive the Porsche 924, the Porsche 928, or the Porsche 911SC, you know you're driving a car built on 30 years of racing victories.

No wonder that on the track or on the road, nothing even comes close.

**PORSCHE + AUDI**  
NOTHING EVEN COMES CLOSE









# Haut Sport: English Pheasant

Shooting Lord Mountbatten's birds in Hampshire can run a packet.

by Alistair Horne

SOMEONE, some American friend of mine found himself in London with an unexpectedly free weekend. He is a robust fellow, given to sudden enthusiasms, and he rang me up to ask if I had anything planned for Saturday. When I ascertained what he had in mind, he said he had an itch to shoot some pheasant. The spontaneousness of Americans is chief among their virtues. "Oh, dear fellow," I said, "are you possibly meant to be kinder?"

"Why not?" he boomed.

"Well," I stammered, "it would like to have a go at some pheasant, I could set it up for next year."

"Next year?" said my friend in that unmistakable tone of an American finally conscious of the mortality of the English. "You must be joking." Unhappily, I was not, but there is awfully good pheasant shooting in Britain. The average field each year is 400 pheasant for every 1,000 acres of shooting land. This is how to go about getting at the best of it.

Up till now the British shooting world has been something of a right-left hotbed—once known to my "Mafia" but the term is servicable. The beginner sporting agents will tell you, "Don't rush on and to with a barge pole, it's a mistake," and they are not always wrong. Americans have been taken to the cleaners by generous amounts of 1000 brace (2000 of pheasant is a day, only is best on the appointed day that the master has been mysteriously alerted by an invisible eagle—or some such excuse fee, says one London agent, "they seldom get fooled twice").

American need not be intimidated by British sporting agents or owners, even if the old shenanigans do back. The British, of course, regard all foreign shots as either dangerous, mischievous, or both. Equivalents, to play any shoot at their fellow hunters (shooting blinds are armor-plated on Spanish ferns shoot at the borders (men who think look out of the blinds). French are over-zealous. Americans are trigger-happy, and Germans, in fact, like killing Englishmen. Actually I am reliably told, visiting foreigners often have out to be considerably better shots than their hosts because, after all, it is they who get the most practice these days. Among the English, it is, inevitably, sometimes the best shots who are the most dangerous (to wit, a famous headline some years back, THE MOST SKILLED SHOT—the "hit" being a notoriously dangerous bird because they think they can take bigger risks).

It is a snobbish sport. My friend David Niven was once invited to shoot by Britain's most powerful duke but was never asked again after his host shot a carrier pigeon by mistake and David ended as the pigeon landed. "Are there any lessons for me?" And

allow me the English language, it is the author of *A Savage War of Peace: Algeria 1954-62 and The Price of Glory*.

to ensure seals, few experiences can be more humbling than to be fired at a gun in the legendary Long Room at Berkeley's by a venerable craftsman, such as of whom looks in though he has spent a century serving the monarchs whose signed photographs glare down disinterestedly at you from every wall.

Other aspects of the British tendency toward guns came here disappeared. Gone are the days of the Edwardian battue, when the renowned Lord Walsingham could slaughter 1,000 grouse by himself in a single day. He even killed three with one shot and on another occasion—using black-powder cartridges—on fire to himself, his leader, and the most. Or when King George V confided to his son the future duke of Windsor, "Perhaps we overdid it today" after counting a total bag of nearly 4,000 pheasant. Nevertheless, despite two world wars, three Socialist governments, successive hunting, and the steady urbanization of this little island, there are still estates where over 1,000 pheasant are shot in a day, others where an average bag of 300 is by no means uncommon, and many where less than 250 is disappointing. To Americans, such totals may seem excessive, even shocking. But they can be explained two ways. First, the industry's careful game management and ecology-mindedness second, the ever-increasing amount to which it is subsidized by foreigners prepared to pay over \$1,000 for a day or two of most shooting.

A pheasant shoot in England is a large, well-organized affair consisting of twenty or so hunters with dogs driving the game toward their snipers, simply called guns. It is virtually impossible for an American "singleton" (solo gun) to come out to England and sit up a day of the best driven shooting in just a week's notice, although occasionally you may find an ad in *The Field* or *Country Life* offering a day in a pleasant country pub where the owner will arrange some guaranteed, informal "rough shooting" of pheasant of duck at about £25 a day, inclusive. (You sack on is Mr. and Mrs. Stockwell's Bird Lane Hotel at Woodward, Hertfordshire, three and a half hours from London on the Welsh coast.) Or you might find an ad by Paddy Forbes on Godley, of Arco and Arthur Sperring Ltd., Chippingham, Wiltshire (phone 024-924-3221), that offers an odd gun (presumably through consultation) at a January shoot in Wiltshire. For £130 a day per head for an immense bag of 150-200 birds.

But honestly it is necessary to think a year ahead. To fit up a good pheasant shoot for the next October 1-February 1, now, you should begin looking at the end of the current season—that is, in February or April at the latest. Most sporting agents prefer to deal with groups, or "syndicates" of seven to ten guns. "If they have to shoot anybody," explains one, "it's better they should shoot each other."

Large portions of English shooting lands are rented out to foreigners, which allows the owners to maximize the annual haul for themselves. Despite the extraordinary expense—a week

# for the American Squire

If you start planning now, you can just make it for next fall



A pheasant shoot in England is a large, well-organized affair consisting of hunters with dogs driving game toward shooters



Lord of the moor Major Neil Ramsey of Sherfield releases with friends after the shoot



Marking about 15 days for pheasants

on a grouse moor can run up to £10,000, while killing Lord Montagu of Beaulieu's pheasant in Hampshire are one merely £600 per day per gun—demand for the hunt is virtually limitless. It need not cost you quite so much—though almost.

Here are four of the top shooting agents in Britain. In Yorkshire, five hours from London, Colonel Christopher Egerton (Great Estates House, Kettlewell, York, phone 075-111-3971) acts as agent for a cluster of properties covering wild, Waulingdale-style moorland. He offers two four or even six consecutive days in November at a fee of between £1,200 and £1,400 per day for the complete party, based on an expected day bag of approximately 200 pheasants. As with most shoots, this includes lunch plus "reasonable stocked." On top of this comes the agent's percentage, 30 percent in this instance but 15 percent with some agents, split between tenant and landlord. VAT (value added tax) is 5 percent. Imperfections, sandpiper, tips to lander and head keeper (died according to bag but priority for those £5 and £10 a day), and recommended. Guests are usually lodged at some comfortable, usually country hotel. Only in the grouse private houses is there room for eight guns and three ladies. Colonel Egerton, however, does offer lodgings for those taking his shoot with the marquis of Zetland at £45 per gun per night inclusive of all liquor, which seems fair value for any who enjoy while company and can drink like a tank but still don't struggle the next day.

The Big Three in the sporting agency world are Major Neil Ramsey, of Farley, Aberkilly, Scotland (phone 088-72-840), James Hingworth of Strutt & Parker (111 H&S Street, Berkeley Square, London W1, phone 01494-31812), and Francis Bland-Hall, of Savills (20 Grosvenor Hill, Berkeley Square, London W1, phone 01-499-8444). Neil Ramsey, an ex-elite gunner, deals chiefly with Scotland and northern England. On his own moor, Farley, he provides five days of grouse shooting from August through September at between £600 and £1,000 per gun plus an additional £150 per head for accommodation at his own house. This is not cheap, on the other hand,

There are still estates where over 1,000 pheasant are shot in a single day's outing.

Neil Ramsey has a reputation of fair dealing with clients in the event of drought. (Normally you do not get your money back if no birds on the day or the day is rained out, though insurance can be taken out against bad weather.) He also offers various days at Drumalbyn (home of the Duke of Buccleuch) in the magical border country, where until recently the local preferred banking Englishmen and their cattle to shooting grouse. For pheasant shooting in Scotland, Ramsey offers six well-stocked days (200-plus birds a day) at £920 a gun at Lord Dalhousie's Bielda (Angus) estate. Guests are invited to stay at Bielda Castle for an additional £60 a head per night.

James Hingworth, of Strutt & Parker in London, organizes clients to be absolutely clear as to what they want when they are actually paying for to avoid possible semantic arguments. They should, he insists, ask to know the average bags over at least the previous five years (in this respect, pheasant results can be much more reliably predictable than grouse). Land agents who—like Strutt & Parker and Savills—manage the properties as well as the shooting rights are, claims James Hingworth, in the best position to underwrite results.

But quality is not necessarily what counts most, any experienced shot will assure you: it is much more exciting to shoot 200 high and "difficult" pheasants well distributed among the guns than 1,000 that come over the estate wall high. For instance, two hours from London at Arrand in Sussex, on the property of Miles Norfolk, one of Britain's most engaged and sophisticated dukes, the birds come whirling off the top of the downs—often accompanied by a high wind—and even if the bag does not total more than 300, every bird is worth it. The shoot can be arranged by Savills at £250 per gun per day.

At the top end of the market and hard to book for quality is Sirs Widdow's shoot at Littleton, Wiltshire, one and a half hours from London (Hildon-Hart is his agent, but you may connect with him directly at Littleton House, Hungerford, Berkshire, phone 4086-2500). Every year, Savits rents 15,000 pheasants and takes their day's release according to demand—400 to 600 pheasants at £170 each. These pheasants fly on high, to



Mark of the moor: The approach of a brend, about makes for a tight but breakhead



Day's life: A head on the moor is worth

the inexperienced, many seem quite out of range. Deep in the woods there is a position, somewhat known as the King's Stand, where you shoot through a very hole in the canopy of trees 75 feet above your head. The pheasant come gliding (therefore, drop-pig)—one of the most difficult shots there is, crossing the hole in a split second. If you can bring down a down, you will be treated with considerable respect.

Incidentally, birds killed on an English shoot belong to the estate—even after you have killed them. You may arrange to buy them; should you find yourself in need of 200-odd birds, by sending a deal with the owner. Otherwise the universal rule is that each gun be presented with a brace of pheasant after the shoot.

In addition to all this, there are agents as the they don't even like to be mentioned who will arrange for the ladies to be whisked off on expensive shopping expeditions to Harrods—or even to Paris. For such agents, arranging to stay with a (generally not very happy) duke is the norm. As Lord Grouse once remarked, "A fully equipped duke can't be much to keep up in two days' shooting." Beyond his or her drought birdhouses, however, and a brace or two of ducks may be birds worth considering, but American experience will warn when the final bill is presented.

Otherwise there are many pheasant hotels near the various shoots, such as the Norfolk Arms at Arrand or the Sandringham at nearby Sandringham. The Arrand Castle shoot, and for Littleton, the Chaggers Hotel at Newbury, or even—if you are prepared to drive three miles there and back—the famous Compton Angler on the Thames at Marlow. The booking agents can usually advise shrewdly a trustworthy handbook is Egon Aron's Guide to British shoots and restaurants.

A few other things the visiting American hunter might want to know. There is the sometimes baffling language, often full of seemingly small courtesies. To begin with, "keeping" is, of course, something that can only be done on horseback. "Did you have a good bag today?" does not mean "Did you secure the week's full tally?" "Pick-up" agents, however, will have found

the guns with two days at the ready to remove the birds, are not something to protest your wife from—let alone about it. And if your neighbor insurance he has a training can, do not even put there or recommend a dog but send a dog into the shoot after it. Finally, there is the dangerous "break only," which simply means that from Christmas onward, shoots let up or less, the birds breaking stock. (I must here, on one occasion somebody really tried at a hare crossing a concrete path the shot succeeded, and his neighbor doubled up in agony—no joke, with more wit than compassion, the host cried, "When I shot and broke only, I didn't expect you to take me quite that literally.")

It is perhaps better that almost all shooting games center around people going out. For instance, recently there was much history in the British press about a couple making love at high guns who were peeped by a gamekeeper, allegedly he thought they were rabbits. There was little sympathy for the couple found. (The Labour party has meanwhile been busily engaged trying to put a bill to all blood sports in Britain. A draft of this proposal will almost certainly appear as the party's manifesto for the spring elections and almost certainly will not pass. If it, you are probably unaccountably too many Labour supporters like to shoot. Eventually though it might pass. American sportsmen should bear this thought in mind.)

Shooting is a dangerous sport, and in fact dangerous shooting is taken very seriously in England. Writing guns are required to take one accident course for at least £250-300, and equal demands that are actually drawing human blood should have the field at once (although, in the process of climbing back on your horse, it may perhaps seem a bit lack for the shooter—as opposed to the shooter—who might think he should be given another chance to regain his nerve). But there are certain cardinal principles that can prevent any such danger. For instance:

- ☐ Never swing down toward the face of guns
- ☐ Never fire low in front when the horses are close
- ☐ Always check behind to see if there are any pick-ups in range



*Manly eagle: The eagle thing is to be wiser and try and shoot the eagle dog.*

"Perhaps we overdid it today," said King George V when the day's tally reached 4,000 birds.



*Devil of use: Some and near many chicks.*

—Always keep your safety catch on until you are actually about to pull the trigger.

—Always break and strip your gun when crossing a fence or any obstacle or when getting into a Land Rover.

Probably the most damper-provoking game are hare (or rabbit) and woodcock, which fly in a discourteously rapid pattern between the guns. (Our old Irish hunter, alleged to have watched his countrymen when asked to what he ascribed his longevity, once replied: "Whereas I'm achieving 'woodcock forward' it always lets down.")

Again from safety considerations, out of courtesy don't push your neighbors' birds. One way to prevent this is to fix your eye on two points: each bird flies diagonally to your front, and to shoot no birds flying outside them. But the single best advice for safety as well as accuracy is to spend at least a couple of hours at either the West London Shooting Grounds (West End Road, Northolt, Middlesex, phone 01 895-1373) or Redland & Holnest (phone 01 499-4411). Lessons cost about £12 an hour plus cartridges, but bookings need to be made weeks in advance. It is, I hope, not being chauvinistic to urge this, but for an American to excel first time out at high pressure is only a degree more remarkable than a British yacht sailing off with the America's Cup.

At the West London school, Michael Rose, who has taught hundreds of Americans, explains their two biggest faults are not choosing early enough at uncaring birds and "poking" or not weaving through. "With high fliers," he says, "they tend to trunk down the barrel, raising their heads and losing the wing. But the wing should continue well after the shot has left the barrel—just like the flow through of a golf drive."

Even so safety, particularly is essential. It is not just a matter of courtesy, but an account of the limited length of the day (with darkness setting in at 4:00 or even 3:00 p.m. in the north). King Edward VII used to go so far as to have all clocks at Sandringham set half an hour fast to get the guns out on time. It is advisable to be on parade ten minutes ahead of schedule.

Guns can be rented in England, but it is not very satisfactory as it is helpless trying to shoot with one that doesn't fit. Most

bring their own; there is no problem with cast-iron—provided the shotgun is not a sword-off one. Pump guns are not well viewed; new guns can be bought from Fowley's or Holland & Holland at a mere £13,000 a gun—plus a wait of two or four years. A game license (costing £1 for fourteen days or £6 for a year) needs to be obtained from a post office, but the licensing agent will arrange all such formalities.

What to wear? A nod but with your nose on it will ensure that no sensible pheasant comes anywhere near you (as will loud talk and laughter between drives), but on the whole, dress is more relaxed than it used to be. Matching plus fours are no longer de rigueur; on the other hand, blue jeans will probably get you frostbite where you least want it. The main thing is to be warm and dry and tired like a dung beetle. Englishwomen much favor a quilted garment called a Husky, which as the country has become a status symbol replacing the much more lavishly worn but looking as if it were ravished by the Chinese Army, it can turn the treatment figure who are subsequently for Michelin tires. (Also in contrast to those lovely continental ladies in their woode suits and flowing linen clothes, Englishwomen don't seem to mind what they look like—and the richer they are the worse they dress. Perhaps it is because their men are always sending them into the bewilderment after a rambling walk.) Simpson (Pudding?) and Gordon Lums are the places to go in London for clothes. Additionally, not desiring to spend a silent old age, I now wear sunglasses.

Finally it is important to get on the right side of the key figure, the level keeper. At one small shoot, keepers will wear bowlers as in Elizabethan times, and they never move a thing, nothing pleases them more than a clearly shot bird. On the other hand, they hate going after farmers or "pardon" birds, and constant moving may well bring some suitably wearing coats out of the wood. A friend of mine once took three of them up in a hedge-hopping rinder plane just to show them exactly what every drive looked like from a pheasant-eye view and then flew them off to Kenya for lunch. But that was going a bit far, even for an Englishman.

The signposts of success are clearly lettered.



Seagram's V.O.

Bottled in Canada. Preferred throughout the world.

Enjoy our quality in moderation.

Canadian whisky. A kind of Canada's finest whiskies. 6 years old. 40-41 Proof. Seagram Distillers Co., NYC.

# E SCOTT FITZGERALD ON YOUR OWN

*His Last Remaining Unpublished Short Story*



*Evelyn Fitzgerald's heroine: A "party girl" from a late Southern family*

The short stories of F. Scott Fitzgerald were written for the express purpose of making money, and they did—more than \$250,000 over his career. Until Fitzgerald went to Hollywood in 1937, magazine fiction provided most of his income, and he in turn expended—unsuitably, he might be said—

Fitzgerald's intention was to write stories only to finance him and freedom to write his

novels. But typically, high purpose was swamped by the difficulties and expenses of his very difficult and very expensive life, and like many of his practical plans, this one did not work out. Instead of getting financially ahead, Fitzgerald was usually in debt to his agent for the money he was paid. He continued to contribute to another future magazine sale.

It's poignant indeed to compare the incidents

from the two forms of Fitzgerald's prose. In 1925, 5 stories earned him \$11,000. *The Great Gatsby* appeared that year, was hailed by many as a work of greatness, and earned less than \$2,000 beyond its \$4,300 advance. In 1934—even at Depression prices—8 Fitzgerald stories brought in \$12,500, whereas the newly published *Tender Is the Night* together with Fitzgerald's other 7 books provided a total income of exactly \$38.35—enough, one hopes, for at least a few late hours of jazz and champagne.

In all, 164 of Fitzgerald's stories appeared in magazines. Sixty-four were collected in 4 volumes during his lifetime: *Flappers and Philosophers* (1920), *Tales of the Jazz Age* (1923), *All the Sad Young Men* (1926), and *Taps at Reveille* (1935). After Fitzgerald's death in 1940, 61 more stories were included in 6 more volumes. Of the remaining 57 stories, 49 are in *The Prior War High*, published this month by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich/Brace Clark. This volume, subtitled *The Last Uncollected Stories of F. Scott Fitzgerald*, presents a story that has never made its way into print before: "On Your Own."

"On Your Own" is published here for the first time in any magazine, and this has a literary and personal rightness. Fitzgerald had a very special relationship with *Esquire*. He started writing for the magazine in 1934 when he was finding it increasingly difficult to deliver the sort of *Sunday Evening Post* stories that brought him most of his income. *Esquire* provided an alternate market for which Fitzgerald developed a format that was new for him, the short short story. And editor Arnold Gingrich was not only a staunch admirer but a sustaining one as well. More than 40 Fitzgerald stories or articles appeared in *Esquire* between 1934 and 1941. What exists of *The Last Tycoon*, Fitzgerald's unfinished masterpiece, was financed by \$250 checks from *Esquire*.

"On Your Own" was written in 1931 under the

original title "Home to Maryland." Over the next 5 years, 7 magazines turned it down—*College Humor*, *Collier's*, *Good Housekeeping*, *National Review*, *Roadbook*, *Sunday Evening Post*, and *Woman's Home Companion*—the first time a Fitzgerald story had gone begging since his apprentice days. (The story was not offered to *Esquire* because of its length.) Perhaps what troubled the editors was Fitzgerald's handling of the well-bred George Ives, who in one inexplicable scene is transformed into a figured-up collegian, boorishly pestering the heroine, Evelyn, for loans.

Nonetheless, "On Your Own" is distinguished by passages of the lyrical prose that was Fitzgerald's particular genius. Fitzgerald had a custom of stripping material from scrapped stories for future use in novels, and "On Your Own" yielded 22 such brilliant fragments—including the evocation salvaged for the funeral of Dick Diver's father in *Tender Is the Night*, one of the most eloquent passages in the novel.

These dead, he knew than all, their weather-beaten faces with blue flashing eyes, the spare violent bodies, the souls made of new earth in the first-lensy darkness of the seventeenth century. "Good-bye, my father—good-bye, all my fathers."

Fitzgerald was paid a large amount of money for his stories, but in the end, they may have cost him too much. "I have asked a lot of my emotions—" he wrote in his notebook, "one hundred and twenty stories, the price was high—because there was one little drop of something not blood, not a tear, not my seed, but me more intimately than that, in every story, it was the extra I had."

Here, then, is the only previously unpublished Fitzgerald story for which publication is planned. The story clearly bears, in F. Scott Fitzgerald's words, the "little drop of something . . . the extra I had."

THE FIRST TIME he walked around the desk Evelyn stared at him. She stood leaning against the bookrack and when she heard his footsteps again she turned frankly and held his eyes for a moment until he turned away as a woman can when she has the perception of other men's company. Bertrina, playing Ping-Pong with Eddie O'Sullivan, noticed the encounter. "After he said, before the sprinter was out of hearing, and when the rally was finished—'Then you'll still outlasted even if it's not the German Prince.' 'How do you know it's not the German Prince?' Evelyn demanded.

"Because the German Prince is the broad-faced man with white eyes. This can"—he took a precursor lift from his pocket—"is either Mr. George Ives, Mr. Julel Early, Robinson and violet, or Mr. Joseph Widdie with Mrs. Widdie and six children."

It was a medium sized German host, five days westbound from Chicago. The month was February and the sea was grey and rain swept with rain. Evelyn discarded all the open portions of the

promenade deck, even the Ping-Pong table was gone.

Kiss! Kiss! Kiss! Kiss! Bertrina looked like a Venus—when he got back in the number number she had discarded playing opposite him. But Eddie O'Sullivan had been one of her best friends in the company.

Silencelessly she was waiting for the solitary promenade to round the deck again but he didn't. She looked about and looked in the sea through the glass windows, suddenly her throat closed and she held herself close to the moorings not to keep her shoulders from shivering. Her thoughts rang aloud in her ears. My father is dead—when I was little we would walk to town on Sunday morning. I is my starboard dress and he would buy the Washington paper and a cigar and he was so proud of his party little girl. He was always in grief of me—he is now in New York to see me when I opened with the Marx Brothers and he told everybody in the hotel he was my father, even the elevator boys. I am glad he did, it was so much pleasure for him, perhaps the best time he ever had since he was young. He would like it if he knew I was coming all the way from London.

Photographs by Dan Weeks





He had been told that she played with everybody and that he'd be Jewish if he thought this lady from Britain meant anything

"Come and sit," said Edie. She turned around.

"We'll go down and make up the Barneys and have some lunch with" suggested Edie.

Edie led the way, prodding once and again on the most deck, then breaking into an "O! to Buffalo" against a sudden breath of wet wind. At the door she slipped and fell toward down the stairs, saved herself by a perilous one-foot swing—and was brought up against the solitary proconsul. Her mouth fell open nervously—the balcony for a moment. Then the man said, "big your pardon?" in an unmistakably southern voice. She met his eyes again as the three of them passed on.

The man picked up Edie O'Sullivan in the smoking room the next afternoon.

"April 1940 the London cast of *Charlie Chaplin*?"

"We were until three days ago. We were going to run another two weeks, but Miss Levey was called to America so we closed."

"The whole cast on leave?" The man's courtesy was courteous, it was a really friendly interest combined with a polite deference to the romance of the theater. Edie O'Sullivan liked him.

"Sure, so does. No, there's only Barlene, the juvenile, and Miss Levey and Charlie Barney, the producer, and his wife. We left in twenty-four hours—the others are coming on the flower."

"I certainly did enjoy seeing your show. I've been on a trip around the world and I stayed up in London two weeks ago just ready for something American—and you had a"

As he later Edie's poked her head around the corner of the smoking room door and found them there.

"Why are you looking out on us?" she demanded. "Who's going to laugh at my stuff? This bunch of cardinals down there."

Edie introduced Mr. George Deen. Edie was a handsome, well-built man of thirty with a firm and realistic face. At the corner of his eyes two pairs of fine wrinkles indicated an effort to meet the world on some other basis than its own. On his nose George Deen saw a rather small dark-brown spot of twenty six, having with a vitality that could only be described as "poker-ness." Which is to say it was not amorous—it could never use itself up upon any one person or group. At moments it presented her so maturely, turning every shade of expression, every casual protest, into a thing of such moment that she seemed to have no real self of her own. His mouth was made of two small, sensitive, cherry cherries pointing off into a bright smile, she had momentary, dark-brown eyes. She was not beautiful but it took her only about ten seconds to persuade people that she was. Her body was lovely with little concealed nuances of size. She was as black now and embarrassed—she was always very red and a little overfilled. "I've been admiring you ever since you landed yourself at me yesterday afternoon," he said.

"I had to make you some way or other, didn't I? Which a girl going to do with herself as a host—like?"

They sat down.

"Have you been in England long?" George asked.

"About five years—I go bigger over there." In its utmost moments her voice had the ghost of a British accent. "I'm not really very good at anything—I sing a little, dance a little, clown a little, so the English think they're getting a bargain. In New York they wait patiently."

It was apparent that she would have preferred an equivalent popularity in New York.

Barney, Mrs. Barney and Barlene came into the bar.

"Ah!" Barlene cried when George Deen was introduced. "She was! I believe he's not the Prince!" He put his hand on George's knee. "Miss Levey was looking for the Prince the first day when she landed here on board. We told her it was you."

Edie was wary of Barlene, wary of all of them, except Edie O'Sullivan, though she was too tactful to have shown it when they were working together. She looked around. Five or two Russian prints played down their party was alone in the smoking room—there were only thirty French passengers, with

accommodations for two hundred. Against the windowed wall sat of an American she was going back to Scotland the room depressed her—it was too big, too empty to fill and she felt the necessity of creating some responsibility and party around her.

"Let's go down to my suite," she suggested, pouring all her enthusiasm into her voice, making them a love and thrilling promise. "We'll play the photograph and send for the handsome doctor and the chief engineer and get them in a game of stud. I'll be the doctor."

**A** S HE SAT WAITING EDIE KNEW she knew she was doing this for the new man. She wanted to play to him, show him when a good time she could give people. With the photograph making "Edie's driving me crazy," the legend building up a legend. She was a "just man" and the whole trip had been a frame to get Mr. Deen into the hands of the mob. Her theory on many flaked him and there from one to the other, two ships officers coming in were caught up in it and without knowing much English still understood the nerve and thrust of the corporate performance. She was Ann Pennington, Edie Morgan, the effervescent woman who came in for an order, she was everyone there at once, and off in pace with the casual music.

Later George Deen invited them all to dine with him in the upstairs restaurant that night. And as the party broke up and Edie's eyes sought her approval he asked her to walk with him before dinner.

The deck was still damp, still raw with rain against the prominent spray of rain. The lights were a dim and murky yellow and blackness was scattered in on empty deck chairs.

"You were a trick," he said. "Look in like—Marilyn Monroe?"

She took his arm and both looked at each other.

"I like being Mickey Mouse Look—there's where I stood and stared at you every time you walked around. Why didn't you come around the fourth one?"

"I was embarrassed so I went up to the best deck."

As they turned in the bow there was a great splashing of water and a flooding out of people who were rushing to the railing.

"They must have had a poor supper," Edie said. "No—look!"

It was the *Kappa*—a moving island of light. It grew larger minute by minute, swelled into a hurricane, flared with heat from its deck, and then it was gone, leaving the sea and Edie's eyes open to the personal history of a man who was pressing his own points in a cabin. Chained, they watched as the sea made its speed.

"Oh, Daddy, buy me that!" Edie said, and then something sparkling broke inside her—the sea was gone, the reason in her excitement clicked her up and she thought vividly of her father. Working a word she was inside.

Two days later she stood with George Deen on the deck while the paint scaffolding of *Great Island* shied by.

"What was Barlene saying to you just now?" she demanded. George laughed.

"He was saying just about what Barney said this afternoon, only he was more excited about it."

She pressed.

"He said that you played with everybody—and that I was foolish if I thought the little boy Barlene meant anything—everybody has been through being in love with you and sending you some of it."

"He wasn't in love with me," she protested. "He got fresh in a dinner we had together and I called him for it."

"Barney was enough up to send me to feel like a father to you."

"They make me mad," she exclaimed. "Now they think they're in love with me just because—"

"Because they see I am."

"Because they think I'm interested in you. None of them were so eager until two days ago. So long as I make them laugh it's all



The scene that she was being watched from Evelyn's grief. George has stood a little apart, but at his hand

right that the statue I have my inspects of my own they all built up and thank they're being to protect. I suppose Eddie O'Sullivan will be next."

"It was my fault telling them we found we loved only a few miles from each other in Maryland."

"No, it's just that I'm the only decent-looking girl on an eight-day boat, and the boys are beginning to squabble among themselves. Once they're in New York they'll forget I'm alive."

Still later they were together when the city broke thunderously upon them in the early dusk—the high white mounds of Lower New York swooping down like a stard of a bridge, rising again into splendor New York, followed with clusters of house light, sea-poured from the stars.

"I don't know who's the matter with me!" Evelyn sobbed. "I cry so much lately. Maybe I've been leading a poor life."

The German head started to play on deck but the swooping majesty of the city made the watch stand and looking, after a moment it died away.

"Oh, God! It's so beautiful," she whispered brokenly.

**I**F HE HAD NOT BEEN GOING south with her the affair would probably have ended an hour later in the customs shed. And as they rode south to Washington next day he needed for the moment and her father came nearer. He was just a nice American who wanted her physically a little sucking behind a labret on the darkness.

As the train passing in the Washington station where their ways crossed the kind, her good-bye and for the time forgot him altogether as her train shambled down into the low-fenced cloyland of southern Maryland. Screwing her eyes with her hands Evelyn looked out upon the dark, silent landscape where the watered farm lights. Rockwood was a thoughtless little station and there was her brother with a neighbor Ford—the one advised that her luggage was so good against the exploded ephemerality. She was a star she knew and heard Nanny laughter from out of the night. The house was cold but in it there was some word she recognized—the was home.

At the service next day in the Rockwood churchyard, the same that she was on a stage, that she was being watched, from Evelyn's grief—then it was over and the country doctor lay among a headless Lycopodium and Doves and Crows. It was very friendly leaving her there with all his relations around him. Then she sat, turned from the gate where her eyes fell on Germanes who stood a little apart with his hat in his hand. Outside the gate he spoke to her.

"You'll excuse my coming. I had to see that you were all right."

"Can't you take me away somewhere now?" she asked impulsively. "I can't stand much of this. I want to go to New York tonight."

His face fell. "So soon?"

"I've got to be leaving a lot of new dance routines and finishing up my stuff. You got sort of mind dead."

He smiled for her that afternoon, crisp and shining in his coat. As they strolled off she noticed that the men in the garden station seemed to know her well liking and respect. He fixed into the quickening spray landscape, into a legendary Maryland of greenhouses and galleries. He had not the range of a European. He gave her little of that constant misgiving as to her intricacies—there were whole half hours when he seemed sincerely aware of her at all.

They stopped once more at the churchyard—the brought a great bowl of flowers to leave on a low offering on her father's grave. Leaving him at the gate she went in.

The first snow came on the brown weathered earth. She had no more time here now and she did not know whether she would come back anytime. She knelt down. All these dead, she knew them all, dear weather-beaten faces with hard blue flashing eyes, their spare voices hoarse, their souls made of new earth in the long frost-heavy darkness of the seventeenth century. Made by remote the spell grew on her mind it was hard to struggle back to

the old world where she had died with lips and pinches, where her name in letters two feet high challenged the canyons of the night. A line of William McFalls caught through her.

*Oh stretch old heart! who could so long for me.*

*I watch my year looking along the sea*

The words released her—she broke suddenly and sat back on her heels crying.

How long she was staying the didn't know, the flowers had grown invisible when a voice called her name from the church yard and she got up and wiped her eyes.

"I'm coming." And then, "Good-bye then Father, all my fathers."

George helped her into the car and wrapped a robe around her. Then he took a long drink of coffee as they drove.

"Kiss me before we start," he said suddenly.

She put up her face toward him.

"No, really kiss me."

"Not now."

"Don't you like me?"

"I don't feel like it, and my face is dirty."

As if that mattered.

His persistence annoyed her.

"Let's go on," she said.

He put the car into gear.

"Sing me a song."

"Not now. I don't feel like it."

He drove fast for half an hour—then he stopped under thick clustering trees.

"Time for another drink. Don't you think we better have one—it's getting cold."

"You know I don't drink. You have one."

"If you don't want."

When he had swallowed he raised toward her again.

"I think you might kiss me now."

Again she kissed him obediently but he was not satisfied. "I mean really," he repeated. "Don't build away like that. You know I'm in love with you and I want to."

"Of course I do," she said respectfully, "but there are times and issues. This isn't one of them. Let's go on."

"But I thought you liked me."

"It won't if you act this way."

"You don't like me then."

"It doesn't show," she broke out. "Of course I like you, but I want to get to Washington."

"We've got lots of time." And then she didn't answer. "Kiss me once before we start."

She grew angry. If he had liked him less she could have forgiven him out of this mood. But there was no laughter in her—only an increasing distance for the warlike.

"Well," he said with a sigh, "this car is very stubborn. It refuses to start until you kiss me." He put his hand on hers but she drew her away.

New looks came. Her temper mounted into her cheeks. Her forehead. "If this was any other car I could say to myself everything it was just this. I thought people only acted like this in cars. It's so utterly crude and—she searched for a word—insane. Awfully. You only forget to call me baby."

"Oh." After a moment he started the engine and then the car. The lights of Washington were a red blur against the sky.

"Evelyn," he said presently. "I can't think of anything more natural than wanting to kiss you. I—"

"Oh, it was so clumsy," she interrupted—"that's part of some whorl and then telling me you wouldn't start the car unless I kissed you. I'm not used to that sort of thing. I've always had nice, quiet men with the greatest decency. Man has been charged to dash for me or staring at me in a staring way then you, then I kissed so much, cry a thing like that. I can't stand it."

And again she repeated, bitterly, "It's so American."

"Well, I haven't any sense of guilt about it but I'm very sorry I upset you."

"Don't you see?" she demanded. "If I'd wanted to kiss you I'd

have managed to let you know.

"I'm terribly sorry," he repeated. They had dinner in the station buffet. He left her at the door to her railroad car.

"Good bye," she said, but curiously now. "Thank you for an awfully interesting trip. And call me up when you come to New York."

"Just this way," he protested. "You're not even going to kiss me good bye."

"She didn't want to at all now and she hesitated before leaning forward lightly from the step. But this time he drew back.

"Never mind," he said. "I understand how you feel. I'll see you when I come to New York."

He took off his hat, bowed politely and walked away. Feeling very alone and lost, Evelyn went to ride the car. That was for meeting people on horse, she thought, but she kept on feeling strangely alone.

She climbed a network of well, concrete and glass, walked under a high ceiling some and came out onto New York. She was part of it ever before she reached her hotel. When she was well waiting for her and flowers around her name, she was sure she wanted to live and work here with this great carroll of excitement flowing through her from dawn to dusk.

Within two days she was putting in several hours a morning looking up expressed muscles, an hour of new soft-shoe stuff with Joe Green, and making a tour of the city to look at every man, woman who had something new.

Also she was weighing the prospect for her next engagement. In this background was the chance of going to London as a featured player in a Gershwin show then playing New York. Yet there was an air of reputation about a New York crowd that she wanted to get something here. This was difficult—she had little following in America—show business was in a bad way—after a while her agent brought her several offers for shows that were going into rehearsal then full. Meanwhile she was getting a little in debt and a very common that there were almost always men to take, but to dinner and the theater.

Miss Helen, you. Evelyn learned new steps and performed in half a dozen theaters, the women was waiting. She dickered with the usual young improvisers who wanted to "build something around her," but who seemed never to have the money, the theater and the material at one and the same time. A week before the most drastic about the English offer she heard from George Ryan.

"She heard directly in the form of a telegram announcing his arrival and indirectly in the form of a comment from her lawyer when she mentioned the fact. He whistled.

"Woman, have you natural George Ryan? You don't need any more gals. A lot of girls have worn out their shoes chasing him."

"Why what's his claim to fame?"

"He's rich in Croydon—he's the smartest young lawyer in the South, and they're trying to run him now for governor of his state. In his spare time he's one of the best polo players in America."

Evelyn whistled.

"This is news," she said.

She was startled. Her feelings about him suddenly changed—everything he had done began to assume significance. It impressed her that while she had told him all about her public self he had heard nothing of this. Now she remembered him talking made with some ship reporters at the dock.

He came on a tall, poignantly dim, garden and opened. She was engaged for lunch but he picked her up at the Ritz afterwards and they drove to Central Park. When she saw in a new world, was his pleasant eyes and his mouth that told how hard he was on himself, her heart young toward him—she told him she was sorry about that night.

"I didn't object to what you did but in the way you did it," she said. "It's all forgotten. Let's be happy."

"It all happened so suddenly," he said. "It was disconcerting to look up suddenly on a boat and see the girl you've always



It called for her snap and slowing. They stopped once more at the churchyard, and the girl grew on her world it was hard to struggle back to the world when she had shared with prices

wanted."

"It was nice, wasn't it?"

"I thought that anything to like a crowd flower needs to be respected. But that was all the more reason for treating a girl."

"What nice words," she teased him. "If you keep on like going to throw myself under the wheels of the car."

Oh, she teased him. They went together and went to a play and in the two going back to her hotel she looked up at him and said:

"Would you consider marrying me?"

"Yes, I'd consider marrying you."

"Of course if you married me we'd live in New York."

"Call me Mickey Mouse," she said suddenly.

"Why?"

"I don't know—it was like when you called me Mickey Mouse."

Then she stopped at her hotel.

"Won't you come in and talk for a while?" she asked. Her notice was stretched right across her heart.

"Mother's love is New York," said he and I promised him to go and see her for a while."

"Oh."

"Will you dine with us sometime night?"

"All right."

She turned in and up to her room and put on the photograph.

"Oh, go, he's going to respect me," she thought. "He doesn't know anything about me. He doesn't know anything about me."

He seems to make me and I want to be Mickey Mouse."

She went in the mirror, looking softly before it.

*Love play your musician  
Laid in that time began*

At her speech's end, standing close to her, said Eddie O'Sullivan:

"Are you married yet?" he demanded. "Or did you ever see him again?"

"Eddie, I don't know what to do. I think I'm in love with him but we're always out of step with each other."

"Take him in hand."

"That's just what I don't want to do. I want to be taken in hand myself."

"Well, you're twenty-one—just to be in love with him. Why don't you marry him? It's a bad reason."

"He's so American," she answered.

"You've lived almost so long that you do know what you want."

"It's a man's place to make me certain."

It was in a mood of revolt against when she felt to be an impression that she made a madcap rendezvous for afterwards to go to Chicago's film with another man—because I happened him in Maryland and he'll only have me partly in my sleep."

She pulled off her dress, out of her wardrobe and definitely chose a startling gown from Vassar, which George called for her at seven she continued late up to her suite and displayed it, half hoping he would protest.

"Wouldn't you rather I'd go in a convent gown?"

"Don't change anything. I worship you."

But she didn't want to be worshiped.

It was still light outside and she liked being near to him in the car. She felt fresh and young under the fresh young talk—she would be glad to ride with him forever, if only she were sure they were going somewhere.

The state at the Plaza closed around them. Lamps were lighted on the sides.

"We're really almost neighbors in Maryland," said Mrs. Ives. "Your name's familiar in St. Charles County and there's a fine old house called Lavigny Hall. Why don't you buy it and restore it?"

"There's no money in the family," said Evelyn loudly. "It's the only hope and acrosses never save."

When the other guest arrived Evelyn stated: "Of all shades of her jaw—Colonel Cary. She wanted to laugh, or she told—for an instant she wondered if this had been explained, that she was

in her surprise that it was impossible.

"Delighted to see you again," he said simply.

As they sat down at table Mrs. Ives remarked:

"Mrs. Lavigny is from our part of Maryland."

Even so, Colonel Cary looked at Evelyn with the equivalent of a wink. His companion annoyed her and she flushed. Evidently he knew nothing about her success on the stage, remembered only an episode of 40 years ago. When champagne was served she let a waiter fill her glass but Colonel Cary thought that she was playing an unexplicated role.

"I thought you were a politician," George observed.

"I am. This is about the third drink I ever had in my life."

The wine seemed to clarify matters; it made her see the necessity of questioning whatever the Colonel might afterwards tell the Iveses. Her glass was filled again. A little later Colonel Cary gave an opportunity when he said:

"What have you been doing all these years?"

"I'm on the stage," she turned to Mrs. Ives. "Colonel Cary and I met in my most difficult days."

"Yes."

The Colonel's face reddened but Evelyn remained steadily.

"For two months I was what used to be called a party girl."

A party girl? requested Mrs. Ives, puzzled.

"It's a New York phenomenon," said George.

Evelyn smiled at the Colonel. "It used to amuse me."

"Yes, very amusing," he said.

Another girl and I had just retired and decided to go on the stage. We seemed to meet again and reflect for months and there were lately days when we didn't have enough to eat.

"How terrible," said Mrs. Ives.

Then somebody told us about party girls. Thousands with clients from out of town sometimes wanted to give them a big wine—drinking and dancing and champagne, all that sort of thing made them feel like regular fellows among New York. So they were in a restaurant and wrote a couple party girls. All it required was to have a good evening dress and to sit next to some middle-aged man for two hours and laugh at his jokes and maybe kiss him good night. Sometimes you'd find a fifty-dollar bill in your pocket when you sat down at table. It is so much terrible, doesn't it—but it was a situation so easy that could drive someone

SCIENCE HAS BEEN about as far as records go but so busy that Evelyn felt it on her shoulders. She knew that the silver tea caddy from some deep place in Mrs. Ives' heart that Mrs. Ives was ashamed for her and felt that what she had done in the struggle for survival was unworthy of the dignity of woman. In those same records she noted the Colonel's clanking maliciously behind his blond manner. He felt the tremors beside George's eyes, assuming:

"It must be terribly hard to get started on the stage," said Mrs. Ives. "Tell me—have you acted mostly in England?"

"Yes."

"What had the sad?" Only the truth and the whole truth in spite of the old man leaving there. She drank of her glass of champagne.

George spoke quickly, under the Colonel's rear of conversation. "Isn't that a lot of champagne if you're not used to it?"

She saw him suddenly as a man dominated by his mother, her frank little remembrance had shocked him. These were different for a girl on her own and at last he thought that it was true that that Colonel Cary might launch dark implications thereafter. But she refused further champagne.

After dinner she sat with George at the piano.

"I suppose I shouldn't have said that to dinner, she whispered.

"Nonsense! Mother knows everything's changed nowadays."

"She didn't like it," Evelyn moved. "And as for that old boy that looks like a Peter Arno cameo."

Try as she might Evelyn couldn't shake off the expression that some slight had been put upon her. She was accustomed only to



George: she cried. He turned, his face looking at her was hard and miserable.

"If you had to choose again would you choose the stage?" Mrs. Ives asked.

"It's a nice life," Evelyn said emphatically. "If I had daughters with talent I'd choose it for them. I certainly wouldn't want them to be society girls."

"But we can't all have talent," said Colonel Cary.

"Of course most people have the common prejudice about the stage," pointed Evelyn.

"But so much nowadays," said Mrs. Ives. "So many nice girls go on the stage."

"Girls of position," added Colonel Cary.

"They don't usually live very long," said Evelyn. "Every time some debauchee decides to dupe the world there's another flop due on Broadway. But the thing that makes me accident in the way people consider it is this: I remember one season on the road—all the small-town social leaders arriving one by one and then that whispering and sneaking in the corner. Sneaking at Glades Knolls!" Evelyn's voice rang with indignation. "When Glades goes to Europe she does with the most prominent people in every country, the people who don't know their backwoods social leaders exist—"

"Does she date with their wives too?" asked Colonel Cary.

"With their wives too?" She glanced sharply at Mrs. Ives. "Let me tell you that girls on the stage don't feel a bit inferior, and the only fashionable people don't think of patronizing them."

The subject was then again, however and deeper, but this time started by her own words. Evelyn was unconscious of it.

"Oh, it's American women," she said. "The less they have to offer the more they pick on the ones that have."

She drew a deep breath, she felt that the room was stifling.

"I'm afraid I must go now," she said.

"I'll take you," said George.

They were all standing. She shook hands. She liked George's mother, who after all had made an attempt to patronize her.

"It's been very nice," said Mrs. Ives.

"I hope we'll meet soon. Good night."

With George in a taxi she gave the address of a theater on Broadway.

"I have a date," she confessed.

"I see."

"Nothing very important." She glanced at him, and put her hand on his. Why didn't he ask her to break the date? But he only said:

"He better go over Forty-fifth Street."

At last, with a sigh she'd better go back to England—and be Mickey Mouse. She didn't know anything about women, anything about love, and to her that was the unfortunate one. But why in a corner set of his live under the cloudless day he wanted her of her father?

"Won't you come to the party?" she suggested.

"I'm finding a little tired—I'm turning in."

"Will you phone me tomorrow?"

"Certainly."

She hesitated. Something was wrong and she hated to leave him. He helped her into the taxi and said:

"Come with us!" she asked almost naturally. "Listen, if you like—"

"I'm going to walk for a while."

She caught sight of the man waiting for her and waved to them.

"Goodbye, is anything the matter?" she said.

"Of course not."

She had never seemed so attractive, so desirable to her. As her friends came up, two actors, looking like very little fish beside him, he took off his hat and said:

"Good night, I hope you enjoy the picture."

"Goodbye."

—And a curious thing happened. Now for the first time she realized that her father was dead, that she was alone. She had thought of herself as being self-sufficient, making more in some

weeks than his pocket brought him in five years. But he had always been behind her somewhere, his love had always been behind her—she had never been a wife, she had always had a place to go.



AND NOW MISS MARY ALICE, alone in the reading and writing room. Did she expect to lose this man, who offered her to marry, with the naive remembrance of his love? He loved her—she loved him—she was his wife in the world would her. She wasn't ever going to be a great star, she knew that, but he had reached the time when a girl had to look out for herself.

"Why look," she said, "I've got to go. Was—or don't I want?"

Catching up her long gown she sped up Broadway. The crowd was enormous as they were after (heater added) to the sidewalk. She thought for the first time as for a standard, but now there were many talk into. She passed frantically into groups and crowds as she ran. An insolent voice called after her and again she shuddered with a sense of being exposed.

Reaching the corner she passed hopefully into the tangled mass of the block ahead. But he had probably turned off Broadway so she started left down the darker alley of Forty-eighth Street. Then she saw him, walking drunkenly, like a man leaving something behind—and overtook him at South Avenue.

"George," she cried.

He turned. He had looked at her with a hard, miserable look. "George," he didn't want to go to that party, I wanted you to make me not go. Why didn't you ask me not to go?"

"I didn't ask whether you went or not."

"Didn't you?" she cried. "Don't you care for me anymore?"

"Do you want me to stay with you a day?"

"No, I want to be with you."

"I'm going home."

"I'll walk with you. What is it, George? What have I done?"

They crossed South Avenue and the street became darker.

"What is it, George? Please tell me. If I did something wrong at your mother's why didn't you stop me?"

He stopped suddenly.

"You were our guest," he said.

"What did I do?"

"There's no use going into it." He suggested a passing taxi. "It's quite obvious that we look at things differently. I was going to write you tomorrow but must you ask me it's just as well to end it today."

"But why, George?" She asked, "What did I do?"

"You went out of your way to make a preposterous attack on an old gentleman who had given you nothing but courtesy and consideration."

"Oh, George, I didn't. I didn't. I'll go to her and apologize. I'll go tonight."

"She wouldn't understand. We simply look at things in different ways."

"Oh—oh—oh!" She stood silent.

He turned to say something further, but after a glance at her he turned the taxi door.

"It's only two blocks. You'll excuse me if I don't go with you."

She had turned and was standing on the side of the road. "I'll go to a minute," she said. "Don't wait."

She wasn't acting now. She wanted to be dead. She was crying for her father, she told herself—now for him but for her father.

His forehead, his nose, his forehead—some body.

"Evelyn—"

His voice was close beside her.

"Oh, poor baby," it said. "He turned her about gently in his arms and she began to cry."

"Oh, yes," she said in wild sobs. "Poor baby—just your poor baby."

She didn't know whether this was love or not but she knew with all her heart and soul that she wanted to crawl into his pocket and be safe forever.

The story of "On Your Own" doesn't end on the printed page. It has a parallel life, a real one, that shades into literary mystery.

It began in 1931, when Fitzgerald met Bert Barr—the woman on whom the character Evelyn is based—on a liner crossing the Atlantic, just as "On Your Own" has. Fitzgerald was on his way alone to his father's funeral in Rockville, Maryland (the story's "Rocktown"), Zelda, under treatment at a Swiss clinic, had stayed behind.

On board the SS New York, Fitzgerald's eye was caught by the blond, lively Bert, who was in the party of a Texas oilman. As biographer Andrew Turnbull reports, the second night on the dazzle of a passing liner brought the passengers rushing to the deck rails, and Fitzgerald overboard (and reported in his story) Bert's quip to the rich Texas "Papa, buy me that!" Fascinated, Fitzgerald struck up a conversation, and Bert turned her wit on him. She exhibited the cards she had brought on deck from her interrupted bridge game and convinced Fitzgerald that she made a living as a cardsharp.

The next day, when Bert let him in on the joke, Fitzgerald was so impressed by her irreverence that he went so far as to ask if she wanted to collaborate with him on story ideas. Nothing came of this plan, but Fitzgerald wrote "On Your Own" after he returned to Switzerland, combing the shipboard material with the feelings stirred by the death of his father and his pride in his Maryland ancestry. He and Bert saw each other in New York and Paris, and he wrote to her for several years.

Mickey (and) Mickey: This is Virginia with names like Morrison and Colquhoun full of the Civil War) we've been thinking about my father again + it always makes me sad for the past always does. So I'll think of you because that's happy. Dear Bert.

Thirty-one years later (twenty-two years after Fitz-

gerald's death), the mystery enters, losing as with new information and new emotions.

In 1962, the Princeton University Library received a rich and important gift—typescripts and proofs of thirty-nine of Fitzgerald's Esquire stories and articles (including "The Crack-Up" and several Pat Hobby tales) and a number of letters and books inscribed to Bert Barr. The donor was not Esquire, but Mrs. Bertha Weinberg Goldstein, wife for over forty years of a prominent Brooklyn judge. Was this Fitzgerald's playful "Mickey Mouse"? And how had she come by material that would seem to belong to Esquire's files?

Research determined that the answer to the first question was, indeed, yes. But the second question remains unanswered.

The history of Bert Barr demonstrates that life unashamedly employs material that the fiction writer rejects as trite. Born in a Brooklyn slum in 1896, Bertha Weinberg (Bert Barr was her childhood name for herself) was the sister of Sidney J. Weinberg, the legendary Wall Street investment banker and adviser to five Presidents. It was said that the beautiful and clever Bert "could get away with anything." While golfing in Florida, she was told that the course was closed for the use of President Harding, but she managed to meet the President and have her picture taken with him. She once danced with the prince of Wales, and it seems surprising that he was still available for Wallis Simpson.

Bert Barr's great pleasure was travel, and she spent much time abroad. In 1973, she died, most appropriately, aboard the S.S. France on her way to Europe.

So the history of "On Your Own" turns out to be rather like a Fitzgerald story, and Bert Barr seems very like a character out of F. Scott Fitzgerald—one of those bright and spirited creatures of the Jazz Age.

—Matthew J. Bruccoli



Bert Barr, Fitzgerald's Evelyn, poses with President Hoover (standing) for a snapshot on a Florida golf course, circa 1932.

# Delicious Pudding Takes a Meeting

In which a Hollywood writer and a superstar get together to discuss secret messages hidden in the wallpaper and other great movie ideas

by David Freeman

**T**o take a meeting" is a Hollywood business thing. It never fails to make people giggle. It only had to be mentioned in Woody A's *Dear Mr.* and people who have never been wise the Palo Altoer laughed. Knowledgeably. Maybe it was Woody's delivery or maybe it was the line, but folks all over seem to think it's a funny way to describe a gathering. In fact, "take a meeting" has a precise meaning and its own etymology. It doesn't mean a casual gathering or the backing of a gathering from one place to another. In Hollywood of our person says, "I'll take the meeting," that means, "I'll take it seriously. I'll go to that meeting with every intention of advancing our mutual interests of trying to make a deal." If a writer or director is busy, booked, or not interested, he might say to his agent, "Look, he's a lovely guy, and I'd be glad to talk to him about it, but I'm too busy right now to take a meeting." The agent might reply, "Just talk to him. No obligation." The client thinks about it for a moment, then says, "Okay, have him call me." So the two will meet and talk about business. But there's no expectation of serious negotiation. They're just talking, not taking a meeting.

As to etymology: In parts of Brooklyn and New Jersey, the terms where deal makers are heard, not frequently heard, "take a business," or, "Hey, Heine, you look like crap. Why don't you take a business?"

"Heine, Heine [they're all named Heine on this block], tomorrow I'm going to take you over by the [except for the barbers, who are named Ted]."

The movie business might appear to be a glamorous inside, but most of the movers and shakers stay home at night or at most go out to serenades and dinner. Like their product, they're a pretty middle-class bunch. Oh, not compared to, say, Shauler Heine's, but compared to what the folks in Shauler Heine's think they're like. The movie business, on the other hand, is where the night birds are. When the two worlds collide, there's usually blood shed.

The deal was set. The writer's fast, the producer's fees, the

stars' fees. The studio was on the hook for about \$150,000 with several million to follow. In hope and belief was that many millions would come back. On such dreams are studios run.

The producer—Clayton Gray—and I had cooked up a story line. A few pages. The studio liked it. The star—Darling Puss—liked it. Everybody liked it. My fee was not great by Hollywood standards. It was, however, approximately the size of the annual budget of an evening play.

The Clayton Gray and I were to have lunch with the star—Darling Puss—she of the bewitching beauty and occasionally lovely nose. She also had been a country girl and was now a pop singer and soon to be a movie star. She had been on the road for three months. She was tired. Would the Clayton Gray and I take a meeting with her at her manager's house tonight? That very evening? Indeed we would. The taking was to take place at ten o'clock. A strange time for a business meeting, but then again, Darling Puss was very busy. I did not point out that I don't exactly spend the day on the golf course, but, yes, the CG and I would meet at the manager's house.

The manager, a worthy fellow in poor health, rarely came down and was called back, from behind gates in when local folks like to call Merton Canyon. Because it's where... well, you get the idea. Up the Clayton Gray and I did in the CG's very classy Mercedes. At the gate, the CG, already miffed at being out so late, mutters our names into the speaker box at the gate. I can't resist yelping, "Two burgers and fries." The CG ignores me, and the gate opens.

Clayton Manager is a splendid joint filled with pillows, candles, and plants. Why Californians who live among lush trees and greenery insist on filling their houses with more cushions. But the manager has done it with a vengeance. Palm trees are in the hall over to the living room. Sun loungers and dachshunds, everywhere else. Among the plants are massive ferns, a banyan, rubber trees and their associates. Including the CG and me, the population is eleven. But no Darling Puss. No harem harem and no country westerns. She has been detained. She has been taping a *Midnight Special*. She will be along. Meanwhile, much small talk is spoken. As the talk gets smaller and smaller, I permit the room, the eleven-member harem and candles and enough electronic equipment to open a Menden





An imposing silver Cadillac came serenely through the gates. It was Dazzling Plushness herself. She shook a lot of hazz and said, "How dew?"

Carson branch of Coxy Kidd's

About eleven o'clock (this is a 10, folks), a time when I like to watch the news, the small talk had gotten angrier, and I had gotten cranky. The CG was on the phone, talking to a cry where it was still despair, when an imposing silver Cadillac came serenely through the gates and up the long drive to the door. Dazzling Plushness herself. Dazzling Plushness, hereafter to be known as Lady Mervia, emerged surrounded by aids. She's a woman whose physical presence has been likened to the post-head. She had, however, been on the road for three months, a time in which one is required to eat Tostitos and potato chips. She was—what is the word—overweight. I would say her forty pounds. She is not a tall person. Her face was not so much radiant as dull. Exhausted. She wore a Musk outfit, of the sort used to read word by fat persons. On her head was a headscarf. I asked: It was mine, I believe, of Dylis. But she was never. She shook a lot of hazz and said, "How dew?" in answer. The butler asked her if she would like some food. She begged for forgiveness for eating raw and asked for the usual. Kabbala and milk on the rocks and most food. The butler hurried off to rustle up the grub. Mervia looked over at the Clavay Guy and said, "Air you a writer?"

"No," said the Clavay Guy. "I'm going to be your producer."

"Oh," said the Clavay Guy, looking over at the Dylis. I should point out that the CG might not be a household name of your household nor in Los Angeles, but he is not strictly unknown in the film business. "What air you?" she asked politely, staring at me.

"He's going to tell you the story of your movie," someone kindly told her.

"Oh, put," she settled down to her most low and Kabbala. She was across the room from me. Way across. There were candles and pillars and much vegetation and most food between us. But I leashed into my tale. Now the tale behind us in the story was to be parallel, although not identical, to the tale of Lady Mervia. Her well-publicized rise from a tag editor or a glib clerk to her present-day eminence as a consumer of most food and water of Dylis. Part of her legend concerns her marriage. Her actual Dylis lives in Nashville, where she is the driveway business. She is on the road much of the time. He, who follows, claims very little of any road he hasn't previously paved and stays in Nashville. When she's home, they're happy. The rest of the tale is the rest of the time. A thoroughly sensible arrangement.

My little story was about the rise and fall of such people. It had some of what it is, the CG and I believed, missing. It had been written in a moment. As I had said, it is believed that in principle it was Lady Mervia. And I was ready to climb up to the bottom of the hill, write the down thing, and collect the bucks.

And so I told it to Lady Mervia and the assembled crowd. They in my turn are asked politely. The old tradition. It seemed the clavay and said all the details of Lady Mervia. Or at least under the candle flame and tell country and western guys. I thought I said it adequately, considering the hour and the audience. The CG later told me my performance had the admiration of a few. Perhaps. Throughout, all eyes were on Lady Mervia. Her eyes were on the main tale. There was a lot of chucking and nodding at the good parts. It took about fifteen minutes. When it was through, Mervia looked up and said, "That was real nice. You gave a real good example of a good person." A general murmur of assent went around the room. No argument there. "Now this best movie is far as to tell the truth. Right?"

"Yes," I muttered. "The truth."

"Well, see that that story of power. Well, that's just about Carl and me. 'Bout our marriage."

"Yes. It is."

"With some changes. See, it's about marriage and babies."

"Right."

"Well, there's a secret that I wouldn't go public with. It is no more."

"Usual."

The CG pointed out that in Hollywood at least, movies were considered an honorable craft. For the most part. But we certainly wouldn't want to look like that into working in it.

"See, the part I tried was about the magic person." N.B. Part of the story had our main star convinced that only with one certain point could she sing her magic. In the course of the story—what we call a story point—she comes to see that the magic is in her, not the point. Not perhaps a story point like a young prince returning to find his father dead and his mother married to his uncle. Yes, in it, I say, that is Hollywood. If it could have more of that magic person part, I might like it some more."

The CG leaning into then a better response, said, "Look, why don't you go down to Nashville and think about it, and we'll do the same, and maybe in a week or so we'll come down there and we can talk some more."

She got down the street through Kabbala and milk flowed and said, "You can't come to my house." At that point I thought we'd be leaving, but the CG wanted to stay and be about some more.

"See, I like me a fantasy. Maybe that could be some secret messages in the picture."

There was a general murmur from the assembled executives and executives. "Messages, messages, good."

"Well," I deftly pointed out, "the picture isn't exactly magic. You see?"

"And in the new house I got, that and be messages behind the wallpaper."

"Um," I muttered.

"Um-um-um," the crowd murmured, taking their leave from me.

"And so, as we'll see on the picture, that could be a real secret person that only I could see."

A general murmur of "After-ago, Mervia came also ago" after ago. After ago. The magic phrase went around the room, echoing off the butler, and some of the executives explained to me the meaning of after ago. "I allowed as how I brought it around the company. By this time, Lady Mervia had heard 'after ago' and now it seemed to be going over. So she turned to me and the others. 'That's real. Five. Walker. Ego. You said out him that L/L. Walker. My friend.'"

The CG looked at me. And then looked longingly at the telephone. No doubt thinking that instead of listening to this he could be calling Hong Kong. I was thinking I could be watching news for the deaf. We excused ourselves. Lady Mervia handed her mug and said good night. In the driveway, between the silver Cadillac and the CG's Mercedes, Lady Mervia's manager pointed out that we weren't all that far apart. Besides, the lady was used. She'd been on the road with all those Tostitos.

On the way out of the Nashville Canyon, the CG and I agreed not to do anything more. After all, there was a lot of you know what at stake. We thought we would sleep on it, and the next day we could take a meeting with executives to decide on a next movie of action.

The next day we quit. ☐

# The \$350 Bowl of Soup

It serves twelve and is a rare Chinese delicacy made from exotic ingredients cooked five days. It's called Buddha Jumped Over the Fence, and it's very good for you

by George Lang



A serving of the ancient Chinese dish Buddha Jumped Over the Fence at a party in London, consisting within a fifteen-hour feast.

I had to leave Canton the next day, but for two years I tried to find another chef who knew about this soup. No luck. A few months ago, Terry Fui of the Hong Kong Tourist Association, told me that the China Royal Restaurant, at 17 Division Street, in New York's Chinatown, had a chef who could make it. He also said that the owners of the restaurant are two large Chinese general stores and a major export agent firm, so they could bring in fresh China and Hong Kong rare ingredients necessary for this soup.

My friend Yee-Sie Kan was eager to host a "table" (always ten to twelve people at a round table) and act as an interpreter as the dish was presented to our guests. As a first step, we went downtown to talk to the master chef, Leung Koon, who had been an apprentice in Canton for fourteen years and had learned the Buddha dish from his uncle. After we heard of the rare ingredients and the five-day preparation time, the \$350 price for the dish

stuffed and the \$250 more for the banquet to follow—for twelve people—didn't seem out of line.

We visited Buddha and told the restaurant that we wanted to begin with the Buddha dish when everyone's palate was completely clear. Two hot appetizers then were to follow and after them an array of crispy duck, flounder stuffed with crab claws, scrod with fish balls, tomatoes and hot crab, bird's nest soup, and a round of beef and oyster. We ordered Timoteo, a Chinese beer, with the food and began with Mao Tai, a distilled spirit from China.

While waiting for the curtain to go up, I discussed on what I had been able to learn about the origin of the main event, the opening rap. Depending on which documents you read, the dish was originally called Precious One with Rare Treasures, or The Nine Delicacies. It was cooked at Cantonese village feasts.

As for a porcelaine-plated, silver-and-copper can containing about a gallon and a half of liquid soup filled with a thorough opening that was sealed with paper during the steaming. Other records say the dish originated in the Imperial Palace during the Ching Dynasty (1644-1911) and was popularized by unusually wealthy merchants, the tycoons. The food was dished into nine layers, each layer was distinguished by different from the rest.

One of the guests, Dr. Arthur M. Sackler, who is the unsuccessful publisher of seven medical publications, mentioned how much the Chinese have always appreciated the health-giving properties of certain foods. One of the major Chinese books written about food, authored by the legendary physician to the Ming Dynasty, began that for food to be good, it should be helpful reasonably. I have heard that when somebody gets sick in China, they first call for the chef. Only when he fails to cure with his dishes is a doctor summoned for medicine. As for Buddha Jumped Over the Fence, the medicinal claims are prob-

George Lang is a restaurant and comedian who frequently writes about food and good living.

goose, and Chinese bird, both in Canton and Hong Kong, that the dish is an aphrodisiac.

In the kitchen, after days of preparation, the chef had assembled the ingredients in a cauldron, boiled them in a brick made from woven reeds, Chinese cured ham, and sea turtle, wrapped the cauldron in brass cloth, and steamed it for five hours with most of the broth in a large steamer. Now was the assistant to taste.

Cautiously, the headwater boiled broth and many aromatic-looking solids ran our other soup bowls. The guests concentrated. The soup seemed to have been created for the sake of food alone more than for the sake of taste. *Yue-Su* swallowed. "The most expensive Chinese delicacies are chicken, beefsteak, and seafood, but the most famous and the chef's favorite is this soup. These roasted birds are like sponges—they absorb taste from the broth. To continue their journey is a highly sophisticated exercise, in art governed by strict rules."

Slowly, the guests realized that what they were experiencing was new and exciting. Some of their comments appear on the next page. As for me, I'd say Buddha was a formidable dish and some of the ingredients seemed worth their weight in gold. It was an exercise in extreme cuisine. The death of the presentation was sublime. Look, it's time to say it's not the dish I'd order for a fast meal.

As for the dish's aphrodisiac qualities, one of the ladies did say to me a few days later, "All is well since the jomping Buddha. Perhaps too much so."

*Right: Brother Yue-Su Kan and chef Leung Koon sang boiled the ingredients for the soup now. Some are shown in their dry state as well as after they have been cooked, boiled, or steamed. Accompanied the soup gets a final five-hour steaming in broth.*



# What's in Buddha Jomped Over the Fence

1. Final steaming broth based on strong herb, Chinese lion, sea turtle
2. Dried bamboo fillet from Southern province of China
3. Bamboo fillet, number 2 after a two-day soak
4. Dried shadme, next to be soaked overnight, then boiled for two hours
5. Dried scallop, next to be soaked briefly
6. Dried shark's bladder imported from China
7. Shark's bladder, number 6 after being soaked overnight under weight, then boiled
8. Dried ginseng from North Korea must be steamed (three minutes)
9. Dried shark's fin imported from China
10. Shark's fin, number 9 after being soaked five days, then steamed in stock
11. Chinese sweet ham for final broth
12. Dried deer antler or tendon from southern China
13. Dried fish-head-meat from fish bones, also known as sea slug
14. Herbs—demon, number 13 after being soaked in flame, soaked, split, bleached, scraped, and then soaked three days
15. Fresh lion, dried root of a Chinese wild shrub
16. Deer skin or tendon, number 12 after being powdered and steamed three days in chicken broth
17. Steaming lion for final broth
18. Fresh sea turtle for final broth
19. Snow fungus, or silver ears, a rare Chinese tree fungus must be soaked for half an hour





Margaret Garbner (Miss Gurney):  
I never had anything like it  
but it's so filling.

Yin-Sui Kan:  
I just thought of the most  
spectacular Tibetan  
delicious.

Geoffrey Holder:  
Just beer is a mystery.

George Kang:  
It brought back memories  
from previous lives.

Alan Trillin:  
It's an adventure.

Deanna in Lumbini:  
I'd be extended dinner.

Shana Oley:  
Fantastic.

Edna Tuller:  
I'm sorry I can't tell  
you anything more, except  
the delicious, delicious  
Tibetan, and that's a real  
delicious, really, really.

Bill Wehrer:  
I'm sure.

John Minko:  
It's like a bowl of a bowl  
that's like a bowl.

# Russell Baker

Moment to moment with the columnist for *The New York Times*

My job is to write three newspaper columns a week. I do not write *Thursdays, Sundays, and Mondays*, and each one takes me four hours. So basically I'm on a twelve-hour week. Still, I get a little annoyed when people make their cybernetic and say, "What, you only work twelve hours a week?" Because, of course, when you write you're doing it all the time. Most of my work I'm trying to take in the past, the garbage, that we all swim in, so I'll have something to get out when I do or drive at the machine.

In a last paper I started out working for a morning paper, the *Baltimore Sun*, from 6:00 p.m. until 2:00 a.m., and I find those hours very congenial. On the job, I usually get up around 9:00. Then I begin plodding through the work of civilization. I start with the *Times*, then go through the *Daily News* and *The Washington Post*, that tells about on hour and a half.

If it's a day I have to do the column, and I'm in New York, and my wife is getting sick of having me around, I head over to the city around 11:00. By the way, I feel that taking the subway keeps me in touch with humanity, and also inhumanity. Being so closely with humanity is an important part of being a New Yorker.

When I arrive at my office, there's a post of I am always left a couple of hours doing the mail. I get a lot of nice mail, but I get a lot of lousy mail too. The worst mail I get is from people who submit their manuscripts and want my comments. There's always a batch of that stuff. They think of their writing as humor. There's an extraordinary number of people in this country who yearn to be humor writers. God knows why. Writing is *Siberia* rather than *Idaho*, but humor writing. Then, too, there are an extraordinary number of people who have missed the point of something. I've said, and they write attacking me for it. An extremely large percentage of these kinds of letters, by the way, are from New York.

When I finish the mail, it's usually lunch hour. Now I don't lunch at the New York scene of anything. That's one of the world's great time killers. Besides, I don't lunch

Harry Stein: a contributing column of *Esquire* is currently writing a novel.



On time to work 12:00 a.m. "The subway keeps me in touch with humanity," he says.

with. I've always been a third-rate luncher. I never get the right table, and the captain never leaves me, and as a result, people I want to lunch are always embarrassed.

So what I do is not up one floor to the *Times* columns. They have wonderful Jell-O at the *Times* offices. There make it so much that if I sit the floor, it would be better. You've got to chew it. I'm very fond of the Jell-O. It reminds me of the Depression.

Afterward, I go back to my office to write. I'm on the deadline, and then I write the day's headlines at a computer works on a final schedule, conscientiously. I only rarely have an idea of what I'm going to write before I sit down. I try not to. I've always felt that journalists ought to be a little spontaneous, and I want my writing to be a little spontaneous. It's a very personal kind of journalism, to reflect how I feel at the moment.

That's why there's no fugitive a change of voice from day to day. When I started doing this column, it seemed to me that the use of most columns is that they get predictable very quickly, and this was my way of trying to keep people reading after they know everything about me.

That choice has cost me a lot. People who like in *Catholics* in this country are the ones who come one character and style is *g*. If *Ginsburg* had not sat out on learned panels and pontificated on the future of mankind, it wouldn't have helped him cause a bit. Walter Lippmann didn't make jokes about the state of the nation.

No matter what time I start the column, I finish it at 6:00. It's kind of spooky. I've tried starting it at 5:30 in the morning. I finish at 6:00. If I start at 5:00, I'll still finish at 6:00. Oh, every once in a while I'll get out that goes on at 6:30 or 7:00, but that's in very rare and terrifying. Those are the days when I feel that I'm almost at the end of the line, that the world is coming to an end. I go home and sleep.

But assuming I do finish at 6:00, I get back on the subway, get on at Bloomingdale, walk along Fifty-ninth Street, checking out the porch houses, and go home.

I've been married for twenty-eight years. Our children are grown, so we have no common apartment, and we knock around in it. I'm not sure. We don't go out much. When I do at the evening is go back to the gym again. Like most writers, I don't much much, at least not good stuff. You can either write or you can read. I shamb through newspapers, magazines, quote books. If I'm home at night, I'll watch the news, always on NBC, because I get good snippets on Channel 4 without having to pay for cable.

I prefer I should watch prime time to keep up with the junk, but it comes on when we have dinner, around 8:00 or 8:30. I'll normally get back to TV around 11:00 to catch the local news and then old news. I watch and about two thirds of the way through a film, when they begin playing on commercials every three minutes. At that point I usually have a longer tantrum, snap it off, coming downstairs, and make a drink. Then I return to bed.

Photograph by Ann MacIntyre

# The Waning of O'Neil

A linguist would liberate the masses—from standard English

One of the serious threats to the future of English comes from certain colleges and university professors who undertake the teaching of the language from within. One such professor is Wayne O'Neil, who, after a recent *Dish Guest* show in which we both appeared, rebuffed me far wanting the column on "unimportant" matters. Reading his warning, I address myself to a more suitable target: Wayne O'Neil.

A professor of humanities and linguistics at MIT and a lecturer in education at the Harvard Graduate School of Education, O'Neil promotes standard English as a tool by means of which the rising capitalist middle class (as he sees it) keeps the lower order subjugated to their lowly station. Accordingly, standard English is merely a shibboleth, a linguistic method of identifying an outsider. As O'Neil puts it, "The advantage of making lower class speakers over into middle class speakers was never meant to be successful except insofar as it has been necessary from time to time to recruit some few of these into the middle class." As you see, this is the conspiracy theory of American education, and it is, I believe, a genuine insult to a good sense of hardworking English teachers who struggle against overwhelming odds to teach their pupils standard English, which is nothing but the language evolved from diverse sources into a system. This never involved people of goodwill and average or better intelligence to communicate more effectively, sometimes even beautifully.

As O'Neil indicated in answer to an inquiry, he corrects only the spelling and punctuation of his students. This raises the reasonable question: Why a standardized spelling and punctuation without standardized grammar and syntax? Surely an intelligently demands equally on all four. Besides, how can you expect a student to pronounce correctly without knowing the system that dictates pronunciation? Thirdly, does O'Neil himself know how to pronounce? I quote from "Property Literacy" (*Harvard Educational Review*, May 1975): "Schools can lead on to destroy a child's native literacy."

It would be nice if people like O'Neil had first learned what they set about to

The critic John Simon versus a monthly column on English usage

Illustration by Chris H. Mackman



disparage. The very next sentence of the essay I just quoted from ("The Politics of Bilingualism," in *The Politics of Language*, Kumpf and Lauer, editors) declares: "The main purpose was indeed part of the mass purpose of popular education... i.e., to render school children so stupid enough to be exploited but finally indoctrinated, and to facilitate, and alienated enough to oppose their exploitation." Now that Professor O'Neil seems so ashamed is upon their exploitation or alienation enough to be unable to expose their exploitation, but he writes the exact opposite.

Consider now the following sentence from "Why Nineteenth-Century English Thinks" in *The Politics of Language*, Kumpf and Lauer, editors: "More significantly—and this should be noted at the outset before we list them—none of the explanations or even the pieces of them has a cloud of scientific or statistical support in the [Nineteenth-Century] article or in fact." Observe that the word "them," brought in rather too early for us to make much sense of it, is placed and implies that the subject of the sentence is "explanations," but the predicate "has" is singular and implies that the subject is "none." And the sentence should begin "More significantly," not "More significantly," the former being the correct idiom for what is more significant.

Take another sentence from the same article: "Let us then suppose—for the sake of discussion—that students at all levels are in fact writing worse—preserving for the moment that we can characterize

worse" in a scattered way—that they need to and that it is getting worse and worse." You will note, if you are not too dazzled by those dashes (with which O'Neil litters his prose in schools of a bygone era used to litter their postcards), that the "it" has absolutely no antecedent of "writing" was meant to be that successful, it would have had to be used as a noun.

Professor O'Neil's English tends to be sloppy, faltering, arguable, and just plain bad. In an essay contributed to *W. P. Farnsworth's Equality and Social Policy*, and especially involving Kropotkinism, anarchy, O'Neil, who, curiously enough, changed his name from Kropotkin to O'Neil, writes: "The 'it' has absolutely no antecedent of 'writing' was meant to be that successful, it would have had to be used as a noun."

Is his report on the *Dorchester Seminar* of 1966 (*Harvard Educational Review*, Spring 1969), O'Neil mentions the "Angels" that the American Indians has been loosed to "either forced into or refused to," "usual things" you such word. "The order or behavior" here. "The 'or'" demands the singular. Now, were there no need to do it, the plural would, of course, be correct; but, also, as usual, common glaring errors of punctuation. In an article entitled "Cones

the Revolution"—a revolution that O'Neil tries to hinder as best he can even in the frenzied school of *Excellence* American Studies where the poets were printed—the first thing like "where they're at." "Language" for forwarding "we do not understand it all well" which must read after or all or well, but not both. Well, at least O'Neil makes clear in "Property, Language" that "you needn't be able to read to be properly literate."

Again, in his second segment, *Newsweek's* piece on student education, O'Neil notes of American education that "the trip has clouded its agenda," the trip being the new law to Kropotkin in the classroom. Now, whereas people can close in on someone or something, a trip closes in on its victim, or it is simply wrong. And bad usage has a way of going hand in hand with faulty logic, in the same sense, O'Neil writes that "it has been so important for the ruling class to exclude the potentially subverting elements of higher education from the college. Thus everywhere along the route of education there is a reflexion mainly toward the house." Aside from the mind manipulator in March along a route in particular, indeed, why should a train to house degradingly reduce from success in higher education? Can the brilliant man that will transform quantity be able to learn the three R's?

One reason, then, for O'Neil's exposure to dispute with grammar, syntax, and

such is, I dare say, his own inability to cope with them. *Clearly*, clearly begins at home. *Consider*, too, that most learned journals, even for specialists in these very areas, practice some editing, which accounts for some improvement of their own tributes' English. It would be instructive to see what the credited manuscripts of our writers and academics look like—but I digress. What I want to get to is a probably even more compelling reason for O'Neil's approach to the English language.

From what I have read by him and heard him say, I conclude that Professor O'Neil considers language in general a political act, and he has correctly noticed, or tried to turn, the classroom into a political battleground. As he puts it in his essay in the *Forbes* volume, "The American educational system is rotten because the society from which it comes is rotten, built as it is on the basic principle that lead people to exploit the labor and talents of others, instead demand that explanations that tell them the profit motive alone is all that counts and that require the overwhelming and increasing majority of people to work at jobs destructive of mind and of body," and so unscientifically, on and on, along lines that run out to, as he does, *imagine*, not Marxist or Socialist but downright anarchic. "Let them learn to read," he writes about poor students in "Property, Language." "Don't teach them. Let it emerge as they go about talking and acting of the

rich, they already possess. . . . To learn to O'Neil and his like, students are so full of wisdom as they enter school that they really don't need any schooling, after all, their thinking skills will emerge while they're talking and talking. The riches they already possess will bring them to a pretty good place, will account for all these "idea claud" people who order go around saying things like "between you and I," a sign that O'Neil wholeheartedly condones.

What is it with him in a kind of moral cowardice. If you haven't the guts to fight on the political battlefield, where the stakes are high and you might pay with your life, you inevitably undermine the teaching of standard English as the classroom, all the while pretending that you are those that organize and control ignorance leads to human liberation, it does, however, lead to disoriented consciousness, increased confusion, and lost confidence. O'Neil claims that asking a student to learn standard English is like asking someone who knows how to walk to learn to hop because he'll be better for it. Anyone who can actually come up with such an illogical, misleading analogy is the worst kind of political headcase. —

## Personal Finance

by William Flanagan

# How Uncle Screws Us All

If Social Security didn't rob you blind, you would retire a millionaire

**T**hink about it: Social Security is one big Ponzi scheme. In its infinite wisdom, Uncle Sam always assumed that there would be many more people paying into the system than taking money out of it. Population growth was supposed to take care of everything, & he was right. We have inflation, deflation, and the bill, and high unemployment. But to men born over sixty-five who demand for more in benefits than they ever paid for. Result: We who are now working will be paying through the nose for the rest of our working lives—for more than our parents ever did, in both percentage and dollars.\*

In case you hadn't noticed it in your paycheck yet, there has been another big SS tax cut year. If you now owe \$12,000 or more annually, your 1979 FICA (Federal Insurance Contributions Act) bill will come to \$1,453.77. Your employer has to pay the same. And the growing amount he has to look into Social Security might account for his reluctance to give you a fair raise. That's \$1,453.77 more than last year. The bill will get deeper and deeper, and at least 1987, when the automatic payment will be \$3,043.90, based on a salary of \$42,600 or more. That contribution is more than triple what it was in 1977. Who knows how high it will rise after that Social Security now amounts to a non-excludable tax of 6.15 percent of your income. For most of us, gone are the days when we could top, "I finally gave off my FICA for the year."

Hence you over calculated exactly how much you are being chiselled, even told up how much you will have contributed to Social Security before you retire? Brave yourself. If you were born after 1951, you may well be sitting under the capitalist of what TV's *McNulty* Anthony braved one on behalf of John Bonfield Tipton. The contributions of you and your employer



could easily top \$1 million, assuming you paid the maximum each year and your income at sixty-five and the money is allowed to earn interest. Here's how it works out:

This year you and your employer will each look \$1,453.77 into Social Security. Next year it will be \$1,467 of each and so on. The rate rose last 1977, when the maximum payments were \$3,043.90—over 100 times what your father contributed when Social Security began (see table, page 89). Beyond 1987 until you retire, we will assume the stability—that the rate will not rise any higher. The contribution will then remain the same until you reach age sixty-five.

If you and your employer sat all that money aside in a deferred annuity that pays a modest 7.5-percent interest each year, here is what the results would be:

If your current age is	The amount paid in \$55 taxes	Amount be worth at 65
25	\$343,973	\$1,256,946
35	198,795	\$603,909
45	111,617	327,627

If you are self-employed, your Social Security bill goes up your tax, of course, from a maximum of \$1,453.70 in 1979 to \$1,854.90 in 1979. These payments are also slated to go up for the next decade.

So made in a deferred annuity, your maximum contributions alone work out this way:

If your current age is	The amount paid in \$55 taxes	Amount be worth at 65
25	\$343,973	\$1,256,946
35	198,795	603,909
45	111,617	327,627

Unlike \$55 benefits, that money would be yours to do with as you see fit—take it in a lump sum and buy a condominium somewhere, withdraw and invest some, get a grant for your grandchildren, you name it. Most of that would be taxable, but remember, after retirement you would be on a much lower income tax bracket.

If you simply wanted monthly income from that money, here's what you could expect. Let's assume you set up the payments to be self-liquidating—in other words, you withdraw both interest and principal—so that after a given amount of time, say twenty years, the money is exhausted. Note: If you don't live long enough to collect the entire amount, the cash would become part of your estate.

Today's twenty-five-year-olds would get \$9,389.76 per month, thirty-five-year-olds, \$6,212.40, and forty-five-year-olds, \$1,306.81—every month for twenty years.

For the self-employed, the monthly payments work out to \$6,552 for twenty-five-year-olds, \$2,917.96 for thirty-five-year-olds, and \$1,184.14 for forty-five-year-olds. Note: These payments are based only on contributions starting at 1979—figures which is already paid into the system.

Contrast this with today's SS payments, which range from \$121.83 to \$489.70. Those amounts are far enough to keep anyone above the poverty level. No one earning a decent income today can seriously expect Social Security to amount to much more than get money when he is put out to pasture. And cash that if you approved that amount by continuing to work at sixty-five, you are guaranteed to be free, have \$4,500 of income, every \$1 you must make a net of 50 cents in retirement benefits. Earn \$16,000 at age sixty-five today, and you won't collect one red cent of Social Security, even if you have contributed the maximum for your entire working life.

## UN MOMENT DE MARTELL



MARTELL CORDON BLEU COGNAC



"Behind this shy, reserved exterior, there's a shy, reserved exhibitionist that only comes out at Sybil's."



New York's most beautiful  
discotheque

One Hundred and One West 58th Street  
New York, N.Y. (212) 977-9800

## The Gotham is missing just one thing. A visit from you.

You name it, it's at the Gotham. Exquisite accommodations, with the most modern amenities. European service. Charming restaurants with international cuisine. An intimate bar, and a fine hours discotheque. An air of elegance, enhanced by our distinguished clientele. All in a sophisticated location, steps from the heart of the New York center.

Makes to complete. Next time you're in New York, stay at the Gotham. Rooms from \$58, suites from \$79. Garage available.

See your travel agent or call:

New York 212-243-3200

Chicago 312-664-9133, Washington, D.C.

Boston 800-225-0739, Philadelphia

Toronto 416-963-5111, 213-683-8339



Year	Yearly Wage Subject to Tax	Maximum Tax (both employer and employee must pay this amount)
1971-79	5,000	520.00
1980	5,000	43.00
1981-83	5,000	54.00
1984	5,000	73.00
1985-86	4,200	84.00
1987-88	4,200	94.20
1989	4,800	120.00
1990-91	4,800	144.00
1992	4,800	150.00
1993-94	4,800	174.00
1995	6,500	277.20
1996	6,500	290.40
1997	7,800	343.20
1998-99	7,800	374.40
2000	7,800	405.60
2001	8,500	468.00
2002	10,800	631.80
2003	11,500	712.20
2004	14,100	924.85
2005	13,300	985.60
2006	16,500	1,026.25
2007	17,500	1,070.85
2008	22,800	1,403.17
2009	23,800	1,581.40
2010	28,700	1,975.05
2011	31,800	2,180.60
2012	33,800	2,270.30
2013	36,900	2,412.90
2014	38,100	2,694.05
2015	40,200	2,874.30
2016	42,600	3,042.90

Source: Research Institute of America

Social Security is not fair; it probably was never intended to be. But it is now becoming outrageous for killing workers to swallow. So, again, in fact, that every government type has been wringing their hands about how you-Proposition 13 supporters are going to react to the huge increases projected for the years to come. President Carter has even introduced a measure to cut future benefits, so the fish for today's recipients can be met.

A. Blawie, Robinson, former chief attorney for the Social Security Administration, addressed these facts in a speech some months ago.

"As it becomes more evident that the relationship between taxes and benefits is inequity for any given individual [that is, the program gives more emphasis to social adequacy than to individual equity] there will be increased resistance to payroll tax increases. This will probably result in the use of some form of nonpayroll tax such as general increases, a value added tax, or others."

If all this makes your own blood boil, you are not alone. Here's Robinson again:

"Widespread understanding of the Social Security program may result in a certain amount of tension and even disruption, but even more disruption will result if the current misunderstanding is allowed to persist." *Autism* 49

## Symbols of the world's most precious elements

<sup>1</sup>Au

<sup>2</sup>Ag

<sup>3</sup>Pt

<sup>4</sup>Rm



1. Gold. 2. Silver. 3. Platinum. 4. Remy Martin VSOP  
Fine Champagne Cognac



is nocturnal

Dinner until midnight

253 East 50th Street NYC

Reservations only PL9-3735

TWO  
OF NEW YORK'S  
GREATEST  
RESTAURANTS IS  
THE  
**ASSEMBLY**  
LUNCHEON • COCKTAILS • DINNER

The Prime of  
STEAKS  
The Freshest of  
FISH

SPECIAL FRI-SAT-THAT DINNER  
MARTINI BEVINS at the Plaza highly  
FIRST DINNER PARKING  
FROM 5 P.M. TO MIDNIGHT

Reservations by phone: 212-691-1234

THE  
**ASSEMBLY**  
15 West 51st Street • CT 1-1580  
IN  
ROCKFELLER CENTER

## Dining Out with Esquire

# Lone Star Blues

A country-western nightclub comes to Fifth Avenue

A red banner across the front-end of the Lone Star Cafe reads "Bar Hopping Tour: North of Atlanta." The Lone Star Cafe is not the best bar-hopping north of Atlanta, it is, however, the only Texas honky-tonk in Manhattan.

Whenever I go to the Lone Star Cafe, I think of a song called "London Blues," written by Gary P. Nunn. This is the refrain:

*I wanna go home with the armadillo,  
good country music from Armadillo  
and there.  
The fiddlehead people and the potter  
wanna you in over now.*

The Lone Star Cafe does, in fact, take one liner to the Armadillo. The Armadillo World Headquarters is a now legendary Austin, Texas, beer garden where, in the late Sixties, rock music and happen came together. Willie Nelson, the country-western singer who last August appeared on the cover of *Newsweek*, found a new audience there. He gave his hair long and started wearing a headband. At his famous Fourth of July picnic concerts, Willie's fans could be counted on to bring in such wares as the old Lone Star beer.

Seven nights a week (usually at 9:15 p.m. and 11:30 p.m.), the Lone Star Cafe hosts Fifth Avenue to the same kind of music we used to hear at the Armadillo World Headquarters: Willie Nelson, Guy Clark, Ray Wylie Hubbard, Tompall S. Somo, Doug Sahm, Billy Joe Shaver, the Long Group Band and the inimitable Kinley Friedman.

And there are things one never would have seen at the Armadillo: Little Richard performing with Johnny Paycheck. Or Barbra Streisand and Saturday Night Live's John Belushi in a spontaneous pre-light with Delbert McClinton—the man who taught the Beatles to play the harmonica. Or, on Texas Independence Day, when eagle bandaged people danced out, Kari Voutilainen inadvertently dropping cigarette ashes in Burger master John Davidson's hair. Or Mick Jagger coming to talk off the second-floor balcony.

Another thing one would never have seen was Lone Star beer at \$2 a long-neck bottle imported German beer sells for only \$1.75). Even at those prices, 20,000 bottles of Lone Star—down in socially



The interior of the Lone Star Cafe

from Texas—are sold each month.

It is all marvelous. The chemistry at the Lone Star Cafe can't be explained by three hands, stomping their feet, shouting "yee-haw," and doing the cat-dog-dog in the middle. The audience as they say down in Texas, is word and fond.

The two men who own the cafe are, recently, born-and-bred New Yorkers. Mort Cooperman is a former adman, and Bill Dick is a former steel-plate engineer for General Electric. The Lone Star Cafe opened in February of 1977 at 61 Fifth Avenue (at Thirtieth Street) in a remarkable building that once housed an original Schraff's restaurant.

There is a revolving glass door at the entrance. The interior is decorated with rich dark wood and mirrors. The shape of the room is long and narrow so that the performers play directly to the patrons gathered at the bar, while the din-

ers gather far enough away from blue-and-white checked umbrellas are located to the right and left of the stage. There are terrace floors and a marvelous long way-way with brass handrails leading to the balcony that provides majestic views above the performers.

The menu at the Lone Star Cafe is cluttered herbaceous ribs, chicken, steak, fish, and the like. The trouble is with the exception of the rib burger with French fries for \$3.50, none of the food is very good. And sadly, the service ranges from cheerful but slow to grating. A lack of warm, friendly service is what ultimately sent the Lone Star Cafe open from a true Texas honky-tonk. "We wanted to create a place that was accessible and low-key," Cooperman told me. "Nathan [Belushi] has said that 'New Yorkers seem to crave shade'."

On one occasion, after making a reservation the day before, I arrived at the near empty restaurant twenty minutes late. I was told that reservations were held for only fifteen minutes and that I had lost my table. The hostess generously said she could give my party another table and led us to one of the worst seats in the house. This night, I observed the same thing happening to several disappointed customers. Another time, I simply called to change a reservation. "My book isn't handy," I was told. Call back tomorrow. This poor service, unfortunately, is not limited to the business and whenever answers the phone. Customers simply do not receive the kind of service for which they pay. The Lone Star Cafe may be a honky-tonk, but it is not sympathetic. There is a weekly 50 percent minimum on drinks to a \$3 to \$6 cover charge at the door. An evening at the Lone Star Cafe usually costs at least \$15 per person.

Why then would a person persist in recommending the Lone Star Cafe? In the lines of the movie *Shogun* Wall. Woody Allen tells a story about a person who goes into a psychiatrist's office to be advised about his brother who thinks he is a chicken. The doctor asks his patient why he doesn't discourage his brother from this delusion. The patient answers, "I would but I need the eggs."

The Lone Star Cafe is the only Texas honky-tonk in Manhattan and most of us need the eggs.

—RICHARD D'ALAPY

## The time for Florida is NOW



So many far away have chased the sun. But Florida caught it. And Florida keeps it. Florida has the beaches, the sunshine, the accommodations and of course, the sunshine. Put it all together and we feel sure you will discover Florida has more vacation to offer at better prices than any place in the world.



# FLORIDA

THE PLACE TO BE

For further information, ask you to call "Capture the Sun," write for your free Florida Vacation Guide. Tell us where in Florida you would like to go and where you plan to arrive. Florida Division of Tourism, Capitol Building, Tallahassee, Florida 32304. CONTACT YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR AUTO CLUB.

**Turtle Bay Tavern**  
simply no elegant tavern  
FRESH DINING  
Lunch • Cocktails  
Dinner • Sunday Brunch  
326 East 48th Street New York City  
PL2-8448

**The Irish Pavilion**  
Lunch  
Dinner  
Cocktails  
Only Specials  
Visit our Irish import shop  
Extraordinary Wild Irish Set  
All Credit Cards  
130 East Fifty-Seventh Street N.Y.C.  
Tel: (212) 759-0941

"Sal Anthony's. Merely superb." *WCBS*  
 "★★★ One of the very best." *New York Times*  
 "Uncommonly inviting, deservedly popular." *Gourmet*

Italian, of course. Every dish  
 perfectly prepared and served in  
 friendly, comfortable  
 surroundings.  
**FREE PARKING**  
 Reservations 212-962-9030

55-59th PLACE  
 Between 17th & 20th Sts.  
 NEW YORK



## Pronto

RESTORANTE

Watch us spin  
 fresh pasta for you  
 in our open kitchen,  
 and enjoy  
 fine Italian dishes  
 in a unique  
 turn-of-the-century  
 Bolognese setting.

Lunch • Cocktails • Dinner  
 After Theater

30 E. 60th St., NY  
 421-8151

801 2nd Ave. (43rd) NY  
 687-4940

200 E. Chestnut St.,  
 Chicago 664-6181

A.E., D.C., M.C. accepted

## cassoulet!

Le Colombe d'Or Restaurant  
 134 E. 26 St., N.Y.C. MU 9-0488

## boullabaisse!

Le Colombe d'Or Restaurant  
 134 E. 26 St., N.Y.C. MU 9-0488

## AKBAR

In the tradition of the  
 Great Mogul Emperor...

MUSIC: Legend and Modernity  
 ONE OF THE BEST & MOST DELICIOUS  
 RESTAURANTS IN NYC. (212) 512-7117  
 Complete Lunch \$4.95-\$9.95  
 Cocktails Great Cards 7 Days

For reservations: (212) 638-1717  
 475 Park Avenue (bet. 57th & 58th)  
 New York, N.Y. 10022

# The Return of Cinéma Very Vérité

Those of you who have always ridiculed  
 Hollywood's movie biographies for their disregard of  
 the facts may now have to change your opinion.  
 Some forthcoming films stick very close to the truth

by Edward Sorel



### "Diamond Lil Goes to Washington"

In this new romantic comedy, Lil plays an actress at the crossroads of her career. She must choose between marrying her ex-husband for the third time or accepting the role of Joan of Arc in a Hallmark television production. Unable to reach a decision without the benefit of a chocolate deluge, she tries to find a French bakery but inadvertently trips over a rich, handsome Virginian

who's sitting in a long, black Lincoln Continental. He is revealed by her magnetic personality and asks her to marry him. With Lil at his side, the rich Virginian runs for the Senate and is narrowly — well, you'll find out when you see it. John Warner, who makes his screen debut as the Virginian, is not the most exciting leading man Lil has had, but at least he doesn't sing.

THE RAINBOW ROOM

Steppin' out. The way it used to be.

An evening enchanted, with all the glamour and elegance of the 1930's. Sixty five stories above the lights of the city. Diner. Dancing. Elegant surroundings. The theme: a la carte and after. People menus. Step out on a linkbow and be sure to bring the American Express Card. 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City. Reservations 212-757-9090.

The American Express Card. Don't leave home without it.



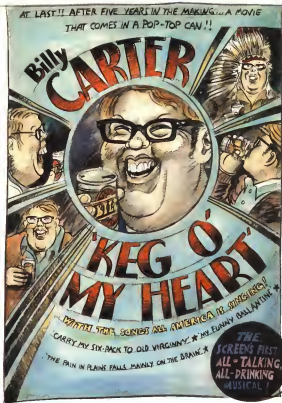
#### "Ego Rider"

Although Mr. Stallone takes credit for an original screenplay, *Ego Rider* is actually a remake of a 1950s sci-fi film called *The Age That Was*. The plot's the same. An unemployed actor swallows a disc of radioactive parts and is suddenly transformed into Orson Welles. His complaints to write, act, produce, and direct movies is accessible. He even composes the background music and performs it on a crash coveyed with noose paper. Unlike most sci-fi flicks, this one is also concerned with the hopes and struggles of the "little people." Mr. Stallone has a real gift for eliciting tears from even the most sophisticated audience. He can't called the Italian Stallion for nothing.

#### "Keg O' My Heart"

Here's a real down home musical full of square dances, moon light, hayrides, apple pie cooking on the windowsill, and sang mornin' at the American Legion post.

Billy, the hero, is a jolly sort of fellow who, in spite of a man of bad luck, always manages to keep his chin up. When his beloved Billy's Beer company is threatened with foreclosure, Billy asks his to intervene with God for a second mortgage. When this doesn't work out either, he returns to his little gas station in Plains, Georgia, and sings a heartrending version of "You're a Good One." But everything ends happily ever after when the price of gas goes up.



## The Right Stuff



### Safe at Sea

Gasoline vapor detector, left, alerts boat owners of any malfunctions aboard by lighting up as well as sounding off. \$95.95 (add \$1 for handling) from Goldberg/Morris, 203 Marlow St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19106



### Fear Warning

Keep this small device in the glove compartment to see if you are sober enough to drive. The Breathalyzer is sold by Palmetto International Corp., PO Drawer 1386, Lake City, S.C. 29560



### Boxed

Trace the distance of your route with the map meter, then convert the reading (in inches or centimeters) to miles or kilometers according to the scale on the map. \$7.95 from Backhaus, 127 Van Pelt Rd., Pittsburgh, N.H. 03455

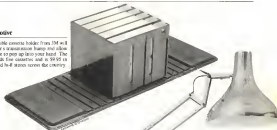
### Colorful Matter

Available in red, navy, tan, or green, as shown above, the Ready Roll portable exercise mat opens up to nearly nine inches wide by seventy-four inches long. The canvas-and-polyester cover rolls off for machine washing. It's \$40 (add \$1 for postage) from Sun Seat Enterprises Inc., 1-00 Pavilion Square Plaza, Cincinnati, Ohio 45202

## by Suzanne Slesin and Anita Leclerc

### Automotive

This flexible cassette holder from IM will keep a car's cassette tapes handy and allow a cassette to pop up into your hand. The unit holds five cassettes and is \$9.95 in sedan and \$11.95 in station wagon.

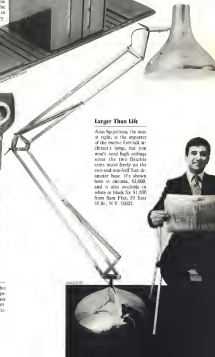


### Defrosted

Wick the ice off your windshield with this red defroster that plugs into your car's cigarette lighter. Only nine and a half inches long, it will fit into the glove compartment. It's \$7.95 (add \$1.95 for postage) from To-See, PO Box 44432, Dallas, Texas 75234

### Larger Than Life

Alan Spitzman, the man at right, is the inventor of the massive Enormoid projector lamp, but you won't need high ceilings since the two flexible arms move freely on the two-and-a-half-foot diameter base. It's shown here in chrome, \$2,500, and is also available in white or black for \$1,500 from Sun Plot, 35 East 55 St., N.Y. 10022.







# Dubious Achievement Awards for January

Proof that 1979 is off to a sour beginning

BEST PERFORMANCE BY A CITY IN A CONTINUING NATIONAL COMEDY SERIES: CLEVELAND, OHIO

**BEST PERFORMANCE BY A CONTINUING NATIONAL COMEDY SERIES CALLED CLEVELAND, OHIO**  
Dennis Kozlowski

**BEST PERFORMANCE BY A MAYOR'S BROTHER IN A CONTINUING COMEDY SERIES CALLED CLEVELAND, OHIO**  
Perry Kozlowski, who, shortly before Mayor Kozlowski was drawn personal funds from a bank this first refusal to roll over city funds, received \$1.2M from another bank that had refused to refinance the loans

**BEST PERFORMANCE BY AN UNCLE OF A MAYOR AND HIS BROTHER IN A CONTINUING SERIES CALLED CLEVELAND, OHIO**  
George J. Kozlowski, who, shortly before Dennis was elected as the first mayor was arrested for making a bottle of liquor from a newspaper

**BEST PERFORMANCE BY A PRESIDENT OF THE SCHOOL BOARD IN A CONTINUING SERIES CALLED CLEVELAND, OHIO, STARRING DENNIS, PERRY, AND GEORGE J. KOZLOWSKI**  
John B. Giffagher Jr., who last year was arrested after he shot a memo to his brother from a moving van



**HUNTERS OF AMERICA, TAKE OFF YOUR MINKIES!**  
Scotch at the New York Robert Garden here discovered that a group of human hair hanging from a tree such as a Great Dane

**WAS IT GOOD FOR YOU, DEAR?**  
A total of 1,000 women in South Africa considered for a "communist" mean (the night before election began)

**DON'T BLAME DESIRE!**  
Police in Birmingham arrested 10-year-old Prince Marvin for robbing and selling an expensive piece of meat known for carrying his savings in his body. Marvin was apprehended after he told to press some bills that a local clerk thought smelled deep



**WE'RE SURPRISED HE LAY HER IN**  
Boris Beper made a special trip from London to comfort Neve Raloff after 185 actors discovered drugs in Sanjo 24 after a trial

**WIFE THAT GRIN OFF YOUR FACE, ROBERT MOLEY!**  
According to a poll conducted by a British adult entertainment 20 percent of the women said that they were attracted to dating men, while 24 percent said they preferred their men to be puny



**THANKS OF A GRATEFUL NATION**  
Sas Park, Thomson, who was captured in the Komagata was held at its alleged seat of the country's CIA, announced she was looking for renting for Compton to this "Kumar Anand's name a voice"



**AN HONEST MISTAKE**  
The New York Times covering a Washington party for the opening of Japanese territory identified that idea as the September that in March 1980

## PONTIAC GRAND PRIX



### YOU'LL FIND SOMETHING NEW TO LOVE EVERY TIME YOU DRIVE IT.

At first, it may be Grand Prix's beautiful, trim styling that captivates you the most. With its rich, formal roofline. And new cross-hatch grille.

The next time, it may be Grand Prix's luxurious interior that charms you. With its soft, available bucket seats. Its impressive roominess. And impressive quiet, due in part to special body mounts and door and body seals. It's easy to fall in love with Grand Prix's road ability.

too. There's a new freer breathing standard 3.8 litre (231CID) V6 that will amaze you with its response. Grand Prix is equipped with GM-built engines produced by various divisions. See your dealer for details.

It all makes Pontiac's new 1979 Grand Prix one very enchanting automobile to buy or lease. And makes owning one a love affair that never seems to end.



THE 1979 PONTIACS ▽ OUR BEST GET BETTER

# Café 7 classy coffee

Café 7 will impress the most sophisticated tastes. Just add 1½ oz. of Seagram's 7 to a cup of your favorite coffee. Add sugar to taste and top with whipped cream. Now that's classy coffee. Enjoy our quality in moderation.

**Seagram's 7 Crown**  
Where quality drinks begin.

